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NEW MASSES

UNE 22, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Who Governs Loyalist Spain?

By James Hawthorne

The Showdown in Youngstown *by* **Adam Lapin**

An Open Letter to Catholics *by* **Peter McGuire**

The "Playground of the East" *by* **Bill Duane**

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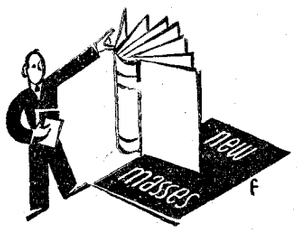
BETWEEN OURSELVES

ONE item first printed in the NEW MASSES has been circulated in the millions recently, and another item which we almost printed, but didn't, has had the same fate.

The first was Emily Grant's letter in the Readers' Forum of our May 11 issue, praising Lancelot Hogben's book *Mathematics for the Million*. The enterprising publisher has built an advertising campaign around Miss Grant's letter, which has been used as advertising copy in the New York *Times* and other publications on several occasions. Perhaps we should be somewhat peeved that the letter was used without crediting us or Miss Grant, and without so much as a by-your-leave (copyright violation, Mr. Norton?), but it is a matter of some pride to us that a good book is being sped on



its way by the perspicacity and eloquence of one of our readers.

The second item was Carleton Beals's article on the recent Trotsky "hearing" in Mexico which the *Saturday Evening Post* published last week. We were talking to Mr. Beals's literary agent about the possibility of getting it for the NEW MASSES when the *Post* accepted it. We're not yet in a position to compete for mss. with the richest weekly in America.

Another letter indicates, however, that we can beat even the daily press occasionally. It is from Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, who headed the recent inquiry into the Palm Sunday massacre at Ponce, Puerto Rico, (NEW MASSES, June 8) and is addressed to Editor Joseph Freeman:

"My dear Mr. Freeman:

"You have no doubt by this time received a copy of the English report on civil rights in Puerto Rico. When I realized the report in the NEW MASSES had been translated from my original draft in English into Spanish, and then re-translated from Spanish into English, I was astounded to find how little it differed from my original. This was a good, quick piece of reporting work. Even the daily newspapers waited until they got the original English draft before they made use of it."

And you will recall that when we published those sections of the report, Freeman wired President Roosevelt urging him to suspend Puerto Rico's governor, Blanton Winship, from office pending an inquiry by the La-Follette civil liberties committee. We have received the following reply:

"My dear Mr. Freeman:

"Your telegram of June 1, addressed to the President, has been referred to me in the absence of Secretary Ickes, who has been compelled by his physicians to take a complete rest for several weeks. However, he has arranged to have the Puerto Rico matter followed closely in his absence, and you may be sure that a thorough investigation will be made in an effort to fix responsibility for the incident.

"Sincerely yours,
"CHARLES WEST,
"Acting Secretary of the Interior."

Who's Who

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, author of *A Farewell to Arms, The Sun Also Rises,* and other works, has just returned from Spain, where he and Joris Ivens collaborated on a film of the civil war which will shortly be released in this country. . . . Archibald MacLeish is a poet and one of the editors of *Fortune*. His latest book, *Fall of the City,* is an anti-fascist dramatic poem written for radio production. His paper and that of Mr. Hemingway were given at the recent Writers' Congress. . . . James Hawthorne is the NEW MASSES correspondent in Spain. . . . Peter McGuire is a Catholic and an editor of a mid-western newspaper. . . . Adam Lapin is a labor journalist who has followed the steel situation closely. He is a contributor to the *Daily Worker* and other labor publications. . . . G. D. H. Cole, author of *Economic Planning,* is an English authority on social and political problems. . . . Alvah C. Bessie was formerly the literary editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. . . . Obed Brooks has been a frequent contributor to the NEW MASSES, the *Partisan Review,* and other publications. . . . Leo Huberman, author of *Man's Worldly Goods* and *We the People,* as well as of our recent series on labor spies, has contributed frequently to the NEW MASSES, *New Republic,* and other periodicals. . . . Stenvall's woodcut on page 9 is from a twenty-print series issued by the Artists' Congress of Chicago, the proceeds of which will go to the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy.

What's What

THE NEW MASSES has long been a forum for discussion of the social purpose and effect of literature. In line with this, we are pleased to be able to announce for early publication, probably next week, articles by two outstanding American novelists: Josephine Johnson, author of the recent *Jordanstown,* whose earlier *Now in November* was a Pulitzer prize winner, and Millen Brand, whose current *The Outward Room* is crowding the top of the best-seller lists. Miss Johnson and Mr. Brand, in response to a request from the NEW MASSES, have given their views on how social themes affect the novelist's technique, how the social writers of the past generation paved the way in a technical sense for those now writing, and what they (Miss Johnson and Mr. Brand) conceive to be the effect of their writings on their readers. No one interested in American literature should miss these two articles.

Speaking of Pulitzer prize winners, we recall that the 1930 award for the best foreign correspondence went to Leland Stowe. And now Mr. Stowe comes to the fore in another connection. He has accepted the challenge to debate issued by Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal,* on the proposition "Resolved, that Spain is ruled by a legitimate, constitutional, and democratic government deserving of the moral and financial support of democratic America." Mr. Stowe will uphold the affirmative as the nominee of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The time and place have not been set as yet, according to the committee, but the debate will probably be held some time within the month. Efforts are being made to have it broadcast nationally.

Nancy Bedford-Jones, Executive Secretary of the United Youth Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, writes that the committee, Room 212, 381 Fourth

Ave., N. Y., urgently needs $1000 to give haven to forty Spanish war orphans and refugee children at the committee's Thomas Jefferson Home in Catalonia.

Flashbacks

"SHERIFF WERNER marched at the head," wrote an eye-witness of the execution of ten Molly Maguires on June 21, 1877. "Then came [the miners] McGeehan and Boyle. On each flank walked deputy sheriffs. Behind them was a detachment of the Coal & Iron Police. Boyle carried a huge red rose in his left hand, and on the gallows turned to his comrade shouting, 'Goodbye, old fellow, we'll die like men!' McGeehan nodded in approval." The crime of these Mollies was described next day in the *Miner's Journal:* "Whenever prices of labor did not suit them, they organized and proclaimed a strike." . . . On June 21, 1852, F. A. Sorge, America's first authentic Communist, landed in New York. This obscure German music teacher soon attracted enemies, who dubbed him "Marx's errand boy," and friends, who ultimately raised him to the secretaryship of the First International. . . . The "Rabble of New England" pulled the famous white-of-the-eyes trick on King George's redcoats, June 16, 1775. American sharpshooters that day cut nearly a thousand notches in the stock of their collective gun before yielding Bunker Hill to the crestfallen British.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

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NEW MASSES
JUNE 22, 1937

AN APPEAL

FOR twenty-five years this magazine has been the most fortunate in America.

The most advanced and talented writers and artists in this country and abroad have given it their best work with full hearts. For the most part, they have done so without recompense. The relationship has been that of affection, goodwill, understanding rather than purchase of talent. The loyalty of these men and women has been the inspiration of every editorial staff. To them the New Masses owes its international reputation for pioneering in art, literature, and politics.

We have been fortunate in our readers, too. Their devotion to the magazine in good times and bad has few parallels in modern journalism. They are more than readers. They are friends, companions, comrades. Readers of other magazines simply shift over to another when they do not get what they want. Our readers criticize and enter actively in molding a better journal. They feel, and rightly, that the magazine belongs to them.

We have been fortunate in a third respect. The New Masses has never had an "angel." It never has had a single backer whose financial power over the magazine was such that editors squirmed or compromised over policy. We have been free, free to find and develop new talents, to place truth above all other considerations and a better world before all other goals.

But freedom is not cheaply bought in our times. Its price is not only vigilance but sacrifice. Because we do not have one rich angel, we must depend upon the more limited resources of the many. Because our funds are limited, we cannot buy writers; we can appeal only to their consciences as human beings suffering what all of us suffer under a system of greed and injustice.

Thus, from time to time, when vigilance relaxes and the necessary sacrifice which all must make (readers not the least) falls short, the New Masses suffers. A point is finally reached when we must sound the alarm. That we did the first time publicly last week.

We stated that the very life of the New Masses is in mortal danger unless we received $10,000 within a few days. That was no joke. Our policy has been never to make a financial appeal in the pages of the magazine. We broke that rule; otherwise the New Masses would have been broken without a struggle.

The response to that appeal, three days after, was $582.40. Before this issue appeared, we had to cut practically in half an already limited staff. Unless the entire sum is forthcoming soon, it is problematical whether many more issues will appear. We have received many gratifying letters of encouragement, but the fact remains that the magazine has not yet been saved.

It does the magazine no good to stretch this campaign to the breaking point because sums have been received just sufficient to see us through another issue. What we need is a sum that can carry us through the difficult summer period without the prolonged agony arising from indecision about every succeeding issue.

Send funds by wire, air mail, messenger or mail to 31 East 27th Street, New York City. We repeat that one hundred contributions of $100 would save us. Are there not that many persons able to sacrifice that amount in behalf of the New Masses? Are there not thousands of our friends able to afford ten-, five-, and one-dollar contributions? We feel that there are.

It would be a grim jest if those who let the other fellow do it were to be responsible for the suspension of the New Masses.

The Editors

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Fascism Is a Lie

A world-famous novelist sees his craft seriously threatened with the menace of compulsory sterility

By Ernest Hemingway

A WRITER'S problem does not change. He himself changes, but his problem remains the same. It is always how to write truly and, having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes a part of the experience of the person who reads it.

There is nothing more difficult to do, and because of the difficulty, the rewards, whether they come early or late, are usually very great. If the rewards come early, the writer is often ruined by them. If they come too late, he is probably embittered. Sometimes they only come after he is dead, and then they cannot bother him. But because of the difficulty of making true, lasting writing, a really good writer is always sure of eventual recognition. Only romantics think that there are such things as unknown masters.

Really good writers are always rewarded under almost any existing system of government that they can tolerate. There is only one form of government that cannot produce good writers, and that system is fascism. For fascism is a lie told by bullies. A writer who will not lie cannot live or work under fascism.

Because fascism is a lie, it is condemned to literary sterility. And when it is past, it will have no history except the bloody history of murder that is well known and that a few of us have seen with our own eyes in the last few months.

A writer, when he knows what it is about and how it is done, grows accustomed to war. That is a serious truth which you discover. It is a shock to discover how truly used to it you become. When you are at the front each day and see trench warfare, open warfare, attacks, and counter-attacks, it all makes sense no matter what the cost in dead and wounded —when you know what the men are fighting for and that they are fighting intelligently. When men fight for the freedom of their country against a foreign invasion, and when these men are your friends—some new friends and some of long standing—and you know how they were attacked and how they fought, at first almost unarmed, you learn, watching them live and fight and die, that there are worse things than war. Cowardice is worse, treachery is worse, and simple selfishness is worse.

In Madrid, where it costs every British newspaper £57 or say $280 a week to insure a correspondent's life, and where the American correspondents work at an average wage of $65 a week uninsured, we of the working press watched murder done last month for nineteen days. It was done by German artillery, and it was highly efficient murder.

I said you grow accustomed to war. If you are interested enough in the science of it—and it is a great science—and in the problem of human conduct under danger, you can become so encompassed in it that it seems a nasty sort of egotism even to consider one's own fate. But no one becomes accustomed to murder. And murder on a large scale we saw every day for nineteen days during the last bombardments of Madrid.

The totalitarian fascist states believe in the totalitarian war. That, put simply, means that whenever they are beaten by armed forces they take their revenge on unarmed civilians. In this war, since the middle of November, they have been beaten at the Parque del Oeste, they have been beaten at the Pardo, they have been beaten at Carabanchel, they have been beaten on the Jarama, they have been beaten at Brihuega, and at Cordoba, and they are being fought to a standstill at Bilbao. Every time they are beaten in the field, they salvage that strange thing they call their honor by murdering civilians.

You have seen this murder in Joris Ivens's film, so I will not describe it. If I described it, it would only make you vomit. It might make you hate. But we do not want hate. We want a reasoned understanding of the criminality of fascism and how it should be opposed. We must realize that these murders are the gestures of a bully, the great bully of fascism. There is only one way to quell a bully, and that is to thrash him; and the bully of fascism is being beaten now in Spain as Napoleon was beaten in that same peninsula a hundred and thirty years ago. The fascist countries know it and are desperate. Italy knows her troops will not fight outside of Italy, nor, in spite of marvelous material, are they the equal as soldiers of the new Spanish regiments. There is no question of them ever equaling the fighters of the international brigades.

Germany has found that she cannot depend on Italy as an ally in any sort of offensive war. I have read that von Blomberg witnessed an impressive series of maneuvers yesterday with Marshal Badoglio, but it is one thing to maneuver on the Venetian plain with no enemy present, and another to be outmaneuvered and have three divisions destroyed on the plateau between Brihuega and Trijueja, by the Eleventh and Twelfth International Brigades and the fine Spanish troops of Lister, "Campesino," and Mera. It is one thing to bombard Almeria and take an undefended Málaga given up by treachery, and another to lose seven thousand troops before Cordoba and thirty thousand in unsuccessful assaults on Madrid. It is one thing to destroy Guernica and another to fail to take Bilbao.

George Zaetz

I have talked too long. I started to speak of the difficulty of trying to write well and truly, and of the inevitable reward to those who achieve it. But in a time of war—and we are now in a time of war, whether we like it or not—the rewards are all suspended. It is very dangerous to write the truth in war, and the truth is also very dangerous to come by. I do not know just which American writers have gone out to seek it. I know many men of the Lincoln Battalion. But they are not writers. They are letter writers. Many British writers have gone. Many German writers have gone. Many French, and Dutch writers have gone; and when a man goes to seek the truth in war he may find death instead. But if twelve go and only two come back, the truth they bring will be the truth, and not the garbled hearsay that we pass as history. Whether the truth is worth some risk to come by, the writers must decide themselves. Certainly it is more comfortable to spend their time disputing learnedly on points of doctrine. And there will always be new schisms and new fallings-off and marvelous exotic doctrines and romantic lost leaders, for those who do not want to work at what they profess to believe in, but only to discuss and to maintain positions—skillfully chosen positions with no risk involved in holding them, positions to be held by the typewriter and consolidated with the fountain pen. But there is now, and there will be from now on for a long time, war for any writer to go to who wants to study it. It looks as though we are in for many years of undeclared wars. There are many ways that writers can go to them. Afterward there may be rewards. But that need not bother the writer's conscience. Because the rewards will not come for a long time. And he must not worry about them too much. Because if he is like Ralph Fox and some others he will not be there to receive them.

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The War Is Ours

A leading American poet discusses the two main arguments holding that the writer is above the anti-fascist battle

By Archibald MacLeish

THIS meeting opens the National Congress of American Writers. Many of you here—most of you in all probability—have read the call to this congress. Briefly, that call set forth the proposition that the rise of the fascist powers and the success of fascist aggression create an issue which is of principal concern to writers in the United States. Most of you here I imagine are in agreement with that proposition. Most of you would agree that fascism with its "ministries of public enlightenment," its official press, its ventriloquist stage, is a matter of concern to men whose work demands, as the basic condition of its existence, freedom to publish.

There are, however, certain writers and certain publicists who are not in agreement and who have presented their reasons for disagreement sincerely and frankly. It seems to me proper to face that disagreement at the outset of this congress, for it is only by recognizing the limits of agreement that men can usefully communicate with each other.

Those who disagree with the proposition that the spread of fascism is a matter of principal concern to writers in this country advance two main arguments. The first is the argument that concern with the spread of fascism, and the making of common defensive front against it, amount in effect to the fomenting of war—and not only to the fomenting of war but to the fomenting of another war horribly like the last war, another war to make the world safe for democracy. The second is the argument that the fascist issue is in actual fact nothing but a private squabble between fascism and communism, of no concern to anyone but the partisans, and of ulterior and purely factional concern even to them.

THIS SECOND ARGUMENT is so manifestly and demonstrably unsound that it may be left to answer itself. It is the familiar argument advanced by the hypocrites and the cynical and the frivolous who do not wish to understand what is happening in Spain—who do not wish to accept the responsibility of understanding—who desire to remain indifferent—or, worse, who desire to hide their approval of Spanish fascism under this flimsy and ridiculous pretext. It is the cheap and easy argument of those who wish not to think. What alone gives it importance is the use its proponents make of it. They use it to attack the intelligence, if not actually the integrity, of those who, not themselves Communists, stand as the Communists stand in active opposition to the fascist attack. They imply that those who find themselves in this position are being

Puyol

"used," and that they are dupes and stooges.

This, if you stop to consider it, is a curious suggestion to come from liberal minds—for the word liberal is still a word to use with pride. One would have thought that issues, and particularly issues of freedom and truth, were more important to the liberal mind than being seen in the right company. One would have thought that, in the face of the fighting in Spain, even the most careful liberals would consider that the issue should come first and the vanity, the self-concern, afterwards. One would have thought that liberals would recognize the issue as so clearly, so inescapably their own that it would never occur to them to wonder whether in accepting it they were being used. One would have thought that they would more naturally think of themselves as the users, as the leaders in this fight, as the responsible men. There was after all a time in this country when the liberals were capable of leading, when they were not merely capable of terror lest they should be led. There was a time when they recognized their own causes and defended them without looking around to see who else defended them and for what reasons. To my mind there is something unpleasantly squeamish and virginal about this fear of being used, this phobia of being maneuvered—something almost indecently coy. The danger of rape has always existed in this world, but only the tenderest spirits let it keep them in at night.

The truth is that no writer worthy the name ever refused to make his position clear for fear that position might be of service to others than himself. The further truth is that the man who refuses to defend his convictions for fear he may defend them in the wrong company has no convictions.

AS TO the first argument, the argument that those who make common front against fascism are themselves war-makers, indistinguishable from the war-makers of 1917, the answer seems to me even simpler. The answer is that it is not we who are the makers of this war. The answer is that the war is already made. It is made in Spain. And by the war I mean the war itself, the war made by fascism, the very war against which we must defend ourselves.

It is the failure to understand this obvious, this all-too-obvious fact which misleads our critics. They perceive that there is fighting in Spain. They can hardly help perceiving it. But they do not perceive the nature of that fighting. They do not understand what it is. They think of it in terms of military history. They compare it with 1914. They decide that, because there have been no declarations of war and because the nations of Europe have not yet mobilized their armies, the Spanish war cannot be the real war against fascism which is foreseen, but must be a sort of preliminary bout which can be "kept from spreading to the continent of Europe." They conclude that any assistance given to the people of Spain, any support in their resistance may make it impossible to confine the war to Spain, may bring on the greater war, the real war. They conclude that those who make common cause against fascism and particularly against fascism in Spain, foment this greater war.

The weakness in this argument lies in its assumption that the pattern of 1914 fits the facts of 1937. The military vocabulary of 1914 and 1937 are not the same. In 1914 the methodical and murderous shelling of the civil population of a Spanish sea-coast town by a German fleet would have been an act of war. In 1937 it is not an act of war. The Spaniards merely die, and the Germans sail away. In 1914 the massacre of the civil population of an undefended Basque village by German planes would have been an act of war. In 1937 it is not an act of war. The Basques merely lie kicking in the fields where the machine guns caught up with them, and the Germans fly away. The wars of 1937 are not fought by declarations and mobilizations. They are fought in the back streets like the assassinations of gunmen. And for an excel-

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lent reason. For they are the assassinations of gunmen.

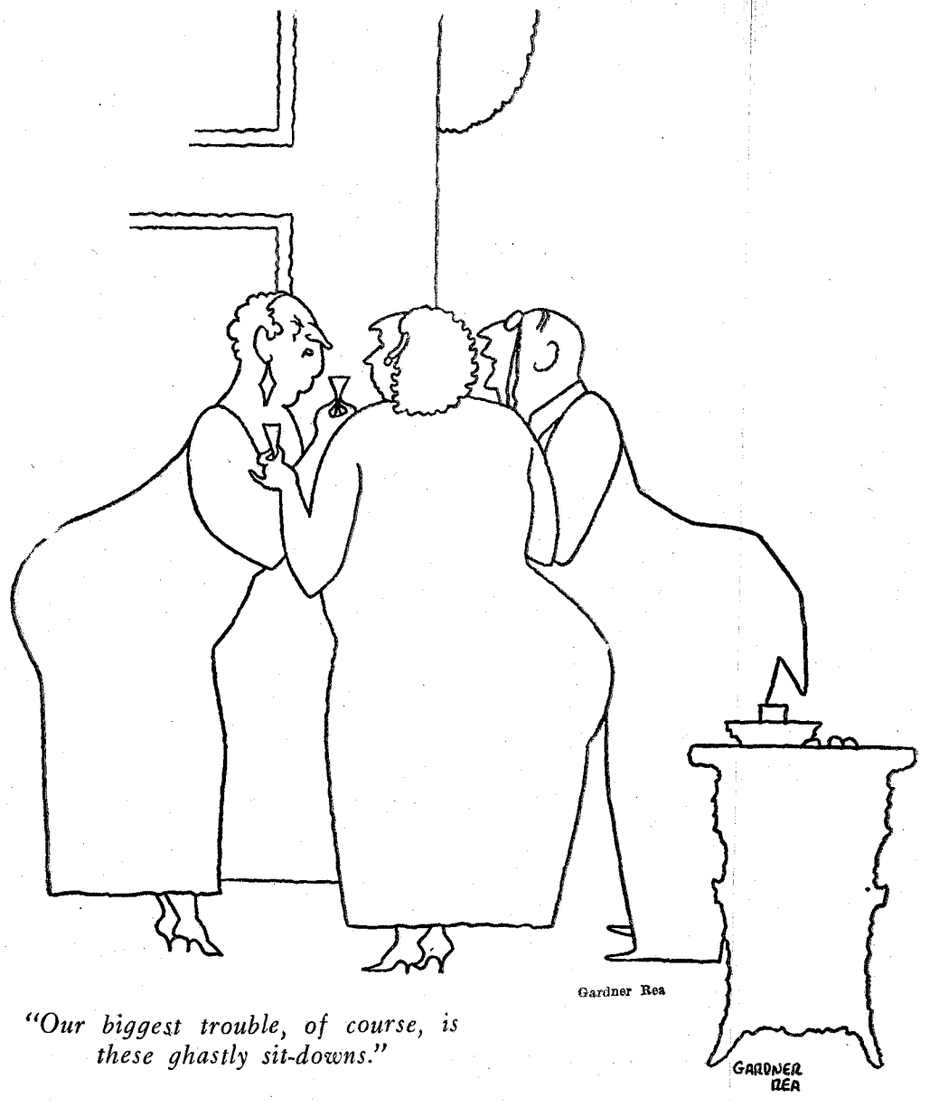
The point is clear enough. Those who fight against fascism are not fomenting war for the simple reason that the war is already fomented. The war is already made. Not a preliminary war. Not a local conflict. *The* war; the actual war; the war between the fascist powers and the things they would destroy. Spain is no political allegory. Spain is not, as some would have us think, a dramatic spectacle in which the conflict of our times is acted out. The actors are not actors. They truly die. The cities are not stage sets. They burn with fire. The battles are not symbols of other battles to be fought elsewhere at some other time. They are the actual war itself. And in that war, that Spanish war on Spanish earth, we, writers who contend for freedom, are ourselves, and whether we so wish or not, engaged.

This is no metaphor. It is a fact simply and patently true. Other speakers tonight who have seen that war at first hand can tell you more of it than I can. But even we who have no personal knowledge of the fighting know this much: we know that the military prestige of the fascist powers (which is to say the total prestige of the fascist powers) is engaged in the Spanish war. We know that a fascist success in the Spanish war would mean a tremendous increase in that prestige and an almost certain end of democratic institutions in France, which means, in Europe. We know that a fascist failure in the Spanish war would mean a decline in that prestige and a possible collapse of fascist forms.

We know all this not only by logic, by deductions, by suppositions. We know it in fact. Evidence is before us. Already the Spanish war has basically changed, and *changed for us,* the outlook. The victory of the Spanish government before Madrid is not a symbolic victory. It is not an augury for the future. It is a present victory having definite consequences for all haters of fascism wherever they may be. It is a present victory having foreseeable consequences *for us.*

What it signifies is this: that fascism has been defeated in its dearest hopes. The fascist theory of warfare upon which all hopes of fascist aggression have been based is a theory of quick wars and overwhelming successes—a theory of conquest by sudden and unannounced attacks upon civilian populations. This theory is essential to fascist strategy because the fascist dictatorships do not dare risk long wars with their inevitable stalemates, their internal stresses, their domestic dangers. Before the siege of Madrid it was widely believed that wars could be won by ruthless aggressors in this way, and the dictators were ardent. Since Madrid it is known that wars cannot be won against a courageous population in this way, and the dictators are sullen and afraid.

BUT THAT FACT, so important to the future not only of the European democracies but of *our own,* was not established in a laboratory. It was not demonstrated at target practice on a range. It was proved upon the bodies and against the courage of the people of Madrid. It is the people of Spain who have won already one of the great victories against fascism. How then can we, who profit by that victory, not claim the war as ours? How then can we refuse our help to those who fight our battles —to those who truly fight our battles *now—now,* not in some future war—*now: now* in Spain?



"Our biggest trouble, of course, is these ghastly sit-downs."

★ ★ ★

Recital at Bedtime for Those Who Fear Dreams

O Lord Jesus
let me still believe that the young men in poverty
will wed rich girls, and with the same miraculousness
the dime-giver will approach the one desperately in need.

O God
assure me too that these girls will, at the same time,
fall correctly in love with their unemployed lovers
and among the millions will the poor outcast approach
the generous dime-giver at a traffic intersection.

O my savior
I would hope for all to be well: I hope
this process will eliminate the extremes
thus solving the problem painlessly.

Our father who art in heaven hear me
send me a sign : I do not sleep well.

NORMAN ROSTEN.

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Spain's Government Girds for War

The recent cabinet changes have resulted in a considerable brightening of the outlook

By James Hawthorne

STREET-FIGHTING in Catalonia and a government crisis have dominated the May political picture in Spain. It may be hard, therefore, to realize that this month has marked a great consolidation of the popular forces' political front. In fact, you will not find a general understanding of this internal victory if you talk to "representative" men. But, as on November 7, 1936, when the government moved to Valencia, it is the average man in the street who is correct. And in the street there is a feeling of relief at the formation of a government based on the political parties. In offices and bureaus there is a great shaking of heads; on the street there is a new optimism. The doubters regard the all-political coalition as a rebuff to the trade unions; the common man sees it as a defeat for the politicians of Syndicalist tendency. And in the withdrawal of the Syndicalist-minded politicians he sees perspectives of early victory. The factory workers, the construction hands, the chauffeurs with whom I talked in the black days of early November, declared the fascists would never take Madrid. They were right then when "better-informed" men were wrong; and in my opinion their instinct has again led them to the truth. The outbreak of violence in Catalonia and the political crisis have finally prepared the way for that sweeping centralization of military, economic, and political control which will bring into play the government's tremendous advantages over the fascists, and thus open the final phase of the war.

What really took place in Catalonia and how did it precipitate matters? There were three days of street fighting in Barcelona, but preliminary maneuvers in the surrounding villages were reported fully a week earlier. Carabineers, an unpublished national news agency item stated, had arrived near the border "and had taken up magnificent positions." In the whole region an effort to set up the framework of a police system had been undertaken with a sense of realities: as a military occupation. It had to be so handled because a feeble internal policy had permitted the accumulation of a formidable arsenal in irresponsible hands far from the front; because roving "militia columns," which were in fact nothing more than bandit caravans, had been allowed to masquerade as legitimate Anarchist anti-fascist soldiers; because even during the most critical hours, the Trotskyite *Batalla* and uncontrolled Anarchist publications, unauthorized by the leading Anarcho-Syndicalist bodies, openly campaigned against the legitimate government in favor of a putsch. This situation, created by a temporizing public-order policy, was one of undeclared war. When the police attempted to occupy certain public buildings, the illegally armed bodies could cynically pretend that this was a provocation and attempt to justify their putsch on that ground! Fighting occurred in many villages to which it became necessary to send public forces to establish the skeleton of public control. But it was in Barcelona itself that the attempted putsch took place.

In the capital the Trotskyite P.O.U.M. took open responsibility for the attempted rising against the government; in an effort to implicate the Anarchists, to drag them into the adventure, it operated through an autonomous Anarchist group, "the Friends of Durruti." The same elements who for months had been slandering the government as counter-revolutionary because, said they, it withheld arms from Aragon, the truly revolutionary front, now appeared in the streets with tanks, armored cars, artillery, machine-guns, rifles, and millions of rounds of ammunition. That these arms had been stolen from the front and reserved for an attempt against the government was obvious. To the proletariat of Catalonia, to honest Anarchists themselves, this aspect of the matter was disturbing. Could this be the work of anyone but fascists? The moment was grave. A call for volunteers for the Assault Guards was issued. In a few hours there were six thousand applicants. These men knew they were going into battle under difficult conditions, where losses must be heavy. Clearly the proletariat of Barcelona was not merely unsympathetic to the uprising, but ready to fight it as another action of the "Fifth Column," as the rebel undercover agents are known. And it was the anti-fascists of Barcelona who restored order. By the time government reinforcements arrived, all was quiet. In Barcelona alone there were three thousand casualties with nine hundred dead. It was the putschists who suffered the bulk of the losses. Unhappily, there were undoubtedly some innocent, deceived men among those who went to the barricades. There were Anarchists who thought they were following organizational discipline, and heard too late their national committee's denunciation of the call to arms. And there were simple peasants newly recruited to the P.O.U.M. because they thought the bright-red flag with the hammer and sickle must be the Communist flag. But the rising was clearly fascist-inspired, and national indignation against the Trotskyite agents of Franco reached fever heat. The declaration of central control of public order in Catalonia and the appointment of General Pozas to head the "army of the east," the military forces of Catalonia and Aragon, were hailed as the long awaited coordination of the military forces of the whole peninsula into one flexible army.

Now there will be a unified command. Now there will be an end to independent fronts. Now there will be a war industry. These were the popular reactions. And these steps waited on a firm drive by the government to liquidate the Trotskyite and autonomous Anarchist bodies which still maintained their right to arms, still denied the right of the central government to lay down the norms of public order, of war industry, and for the army. But nothing happened. Minister of the Interior Angel Galarza temporized, and Premier Largo Caballero upheld him. With the few days' delay thus obtained, the Anarcho-Syndicalist press in general took a bolder tone and, while "regretting" the "unfortunate" events in Catalonia, declined to denounce them as an intolerable attempt on the legitimate government. The C.N.T. (the Anarchist-dominated National Confederation of Labor) had pursued an equivocal policy throughout, evidently torn by internal dissension. Had the government moved swiftly on the heels of the attempted rising, popular indignation would have given it such powerful support that no one would have dared to challenge it. But it chose to yield to the surly elements in the ranks of the Anarcho-Syndi-

SOCORRO ROJO INTERNACIONAL
Entrega Fu donativo
PARA LOS ANTIFASCISTAS ENCARCELADOS EN TERRITORIO FACCIOSO y SUS FAMILIARES

From an International Red Aid Poster

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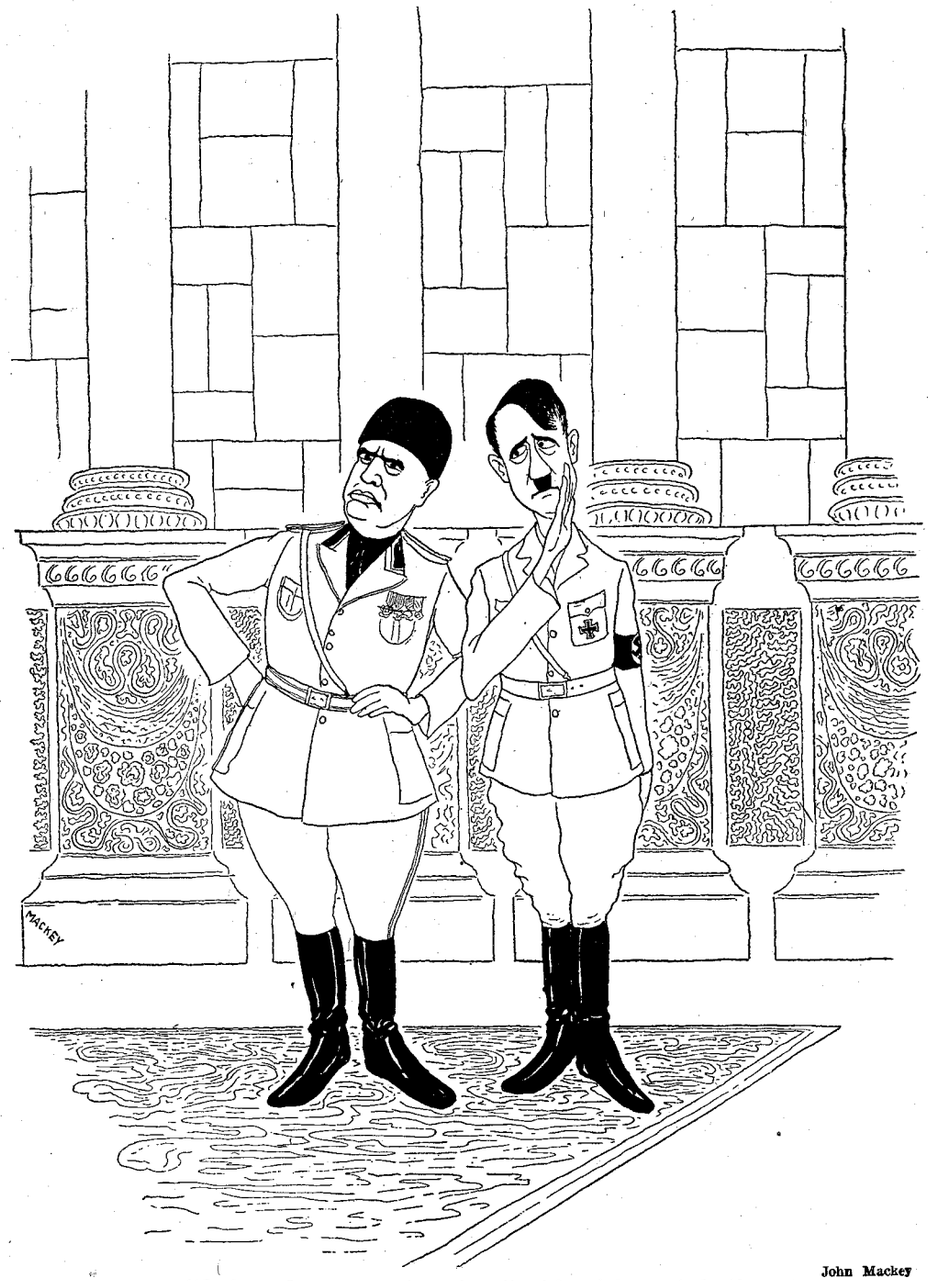
calists; the latter were thereby strengthened against more moderate elements within the C.N.T. itself. The whole Anarcho-Syndicalist press began to reflect their new boldness. The rising, it seemed, was not a rising at all. There had been a clash of forces representing two distinct ideologies; but nevertheless it was quite a different thing from a putsch.

At this point the Communists intervened. All this ideological claptrap couldn't form a barricade to protect the government against another such stab in the back. *The arms had remained in the hands of the enemies of the government.* The Communist Party demanded two things: (1) that the government ruthlessly exterminate the fascists, Trotskyists, and "uncontrollables" who had prepared and were still preparing attacks upon it; that it clean up the rear-guard, collect the arms stolen from the front, and establish revolutionary order conducive to serious prosecution of the war; (2) that the C.N.T. either unequivocally denounce as traitors the men who had risen in arms against the government, had hoarded arms for that purpose and built up an atmosphere conducive to attacks on the government by a counter-revolutionary campaign, or else resign from the government. The C.N.T. responded with a renewed attack on the Communist Party on the familiar and meaningless old theme of "proselytism." The government did nothing, except that the General Workers' Union group holding the dominating posts in it, joined in the attack on the Communists. The Republican and Socialist parties ranged themselves on the side of the Communists and the political issue was drawn; the Largo Caballero government fell because it was incapable of decisive action.

THE NEW government was formed quietly, and instantly went to work. There would, as a matter of course, be a great deal of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The exclusion (self-exclusion) of the trade unions, it was argued, had weakened the people's front. The government, said trade-union bureaucrats, was born dead. But the government would stand or fall, everyone really understood, by its success or failure in carrying out its specific mission. It had been formed as a government of action, a government of protest against ten months' delay in solving a series of major war problems in which time was an important factor. The central general staff still consisted of lukewarm generals (with a few new men since the fall of Málaga). No general staff actually controlling all armed forces and military operations in all parts of Spain had been created. No central plan of operations had ever been drawn up. The war industries had not been nationalized, and industry in general had not been organized for war purposes. These were the tasks with which the Negrin cabinet had to wrestle, and was expected to resolve some of them in a matter of days. The preliminary program of the Negrin government was convincingly businesslike. The small cabinet acted as a supreme war council, the ministers jointly considering all war plans and assuring a single national plan of operations. A single general staff was quickly created. The war, air, and navy ministries were merged into one defense ministry, and Defense Minister Prieto's previous capable performance in the air ministry gave strong assurances for the future of the defense department.

Thus a government of firm decision and unification was formed at a moment when the fascist rear-guard was at its weakest. Centralization could quickly turn the government's numbers and will-to-victory into decisive offensive operations. The significance of the Negrin cabinet penetrated the army, the popular organizations, the trade unions, the youth bodies, and women's committees. Telegrams of loyalty and congratulation poured in. There was also a rush to get on the bandwagon.

The new government was represented as being more "moderate" than the preceding one. Actually, the term "moderate" was misused, substituted for the word "responsible." The new government was, in fact, dedicated to a more vigorous policy than its predecessor, but it was made up of elements definitely committed to the program of a parliamentary democratic republic. The presence of the C.N.T. in the previous government had put a doubtful coloring on the government's aim. Officially the republic had remained the measure of the common aspirations of the people's front, but in the C.N.T. press there were often attacks on advocates of the democratic republic, attacks which labeled the latter "counter-revolutionary." Abroad, this could scarcely inspire confidence. On the home front, there is every reason to expect that the cabinet change will be productive of a more vigorous national unity on the basis of relentless persecution of the war.



John Mackey

"I thought up another fine 'incident' last night."

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An Open Letter to Catholics

A communicant of the Roman church says that property interests have prejudiced the hierarchy's social views

By Peter McGuire

AS a practising Catholic, whose work keeps him close to the Catholic masses in this country, I must protest against any confusion of "a reality so vast and enduring as the church" with a handful of individuals on the top social layers whose attitudes are obviously being shaped by a complicated system of forces, among which the economic holds a major position. Catholics, of course, are not a special class of beings who remain untouched by the economic and social realities around them. However sound their intentions or their virtue, it still remains indubitably true that the pervasive social atmosphere influences their religious convictions to a degree which often sucks the marrow out of them.

The molding power of capitalist society on religion is naturally greatest among those people whose interests are bound by a thousand threads to its preservation. Which of us is not familiar with those people who have provided us with a false image of religiosity more hateful to many Catholics than atheism itself. I do well to quote from the article called "A Catholic Looks at Spain," by Señor Semprún Gurrea, member of the Spanish Conservative Party. "People 'of the right class,' those who live in a certain degree of comfort or expect to do so . . . all these seem . . . the most generally given to religious exteriorization, almost as if one should call them the born defenders of religion. That means that economic preoccupations, preoccupations with well-being and exterior order . . . coincide in important social groups with religious manifestation." These people, Señor Gurrea points out, "have welded together so many sentiments, inspirations, preoccupations and conventionalisms, that, faced with any attack on the existent regime of property, they cry out that religion is attacked; and, vice versa, they think they are defending religion when they are defending their property."

Even Catholics of unquestioned sincerity, who are allied in their material social interests with the bourgeoisie, are being drawn, often despite their better feelings, into sharp opposition to the welfare of the multitudes. Their capitalist entanglements are infecting them with a fear of the people. They are too closely confined to their bourgeois city to appreciate the magnificence of a labor movement that is widening everywhere the circle of human solidarity. Indeed, they distrust it and misinterpret it with lofty ignorance. Far removed from the blood and dirt of the struggle, they peer forth at the world through the eyes of their bourgeois fellows and perceive pure decay.

A growing number of Catholics are becoming apprehensive over the reactionary influence of these people, an influence all the more pernicious because of the interweaving of property interests, class prejudices, and religion. Above all, they fear that religion is being used, even by sincere Catholics, to strengthen Reaction.

THE attachment of these protesting Catholics to the moral and material interests of the people has aroused them to a vigorous stand against an opportunism which, in effect, would entirely negate the role of the church in the moral and social life of men by strengthening the forces of universal destruction. Their loyalty to the people springs from a recognition that only a proletariat hungering after justice can sweep away all that is befouling and polluting the temporal sources of moral life. They recognize, too, that great stores of spiritual energy are being released in the expanding solidarity of the people.

Señor Gurrea is speaking in the name of a great number of Catholics when he says: "I have chosen the people, humiliated, forgotten, brutalized and unknown. . . . I choose the people because I see in them . . . the most living resemblance of the dolorous humanity of Christ. . . . I have chosen them also because after long contacts with all classes of society and politics, I have reached the conclusion that it is almost exclusively the people from whom the powerful source of any life now surviving . . . can spring."

Woodcut by John Stenvall (Chicago Artists' Congress Series)

In justice to the church and millions of Catholics, we must pay heed to the words of Don Luigi Sturzo, Catholic priest who struggled heroically against Italian fascism in its early days. He tells in his *Italy and Fascism*, published in 1926, that it is true the churches and the "Catholic church in France, Spain, and Italy are favorable to conservative reaction and to nationalist currents. From a superficial examination, it would seem that they are whenever the word 'church' is taken to indicate only the upper hierarchies which are chiefly in touch with the wealthy and aristocratic classes." This unfortunate identification is due "to the fact that the great part of religious journalism tends, almost unconsciously and for reasons not strictly political, towards conservatism and reaction."

Thanks to a conspiracy of silence broken here and there by a few lonely voices, it will come as a surprise to many non-Catholics to be told that Catholic doctrine proclaims "the common right of mankind to the use of the goods of this earth." Father Virgil Michel, writer on social subjects, is brave enough to state this basic proposition. Furthermore, he tells us that "the institution of private ownership is only a means for the better realization of this principle." Obviously those forms of property which obstruct the realization of the basic principle must be socially controlled. Pius XI intimates this in his encyclical on labor and, in general, Catholic teachings maintain that "private ownership is a convention of human reason."

The working masses, Catholics included, would seize upon such teaching with avidity. Yet we dare not bring it to them, we dread to "stir up class against class," says the *Catholic World* of September 1936. But, it hastens to add, "Jesus Christ had no such phobia."

Actually Catholics in powerful social groups palm off their own reactionary views as Catholic social doctrine. Thus even when they know that man's right to a proper, human existence is a fundamental right, especially when the means are at hand for such an existence, and that man "holds the right of providing for the life of his body prior to the formation of any state," to quote Leo XIII, they still condemn every attempt on the part of the workers to better their conditions as a violation of "law and order." This cowardice accounts for the fact that in the United States "there is very little of a concrete and practical

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nature . . . to which one can point as the accomplishment of Catholics for social justice." The author, from whose article in the *Commonweal* of January 1, 1937, I have just quoted, feels rightly that this is a grave charge, since there are over twenty million Catholics in the United States, most of them proletarian. More than twenty million Catholics are being offered up to safeguard the property of the few!

"When the day of reckoning comes it will not be the souls of the poor who will suffer, but . . . all those Catholics in fact who, with knowledge and privilege and the ever-ready grace of God inspiring them, could not raise a finger to lead a Catholic proletariat out of its . . . plight." This quotation from the English Catholic periodical *Blackfriars,* of November 1936, although meant for Spain, is equally applicable to America.

JUST HOW FAR will Catholics go in their defense of wealth and privilege? We can make a better estimate if we clarify further the world struggle for absolute power on the part of the big capitalists. Fascism is the form their struggle is taking. In his lucid analysis of the rise of fascism in Italy, Don Sturzo recounts how "the wealthy classes . . . turned towards reaction . . . as a means of salvation; the people, coming forward to claim its share of political power and economic benefits, was forced back as an outsider to whom universal suffrage had been granted by mistake, but who must pay for this gift from above by heavier bonds and oppression, legal and illegal." He goes on to say that ". . . capitalistic middle classes, conservative liberals, and landed clericals found themselves bound . . . to assist what was then called 'the Mussolini experiment.'"

Fascism is compelled to eliminate ruthlessly everything that would mean a reversion to democracy. Therefore, it not only attacks labor unionism, but also wars against the growing solidarity of the people with sadistic delight. Its hatred of what Sturzo calls "the new wave of democratic life" requires an offensive against human reason itself. This explains its profound hatred of the intellectual processes. Since the life of mind demands that culture be made accessible to an ever-growing number, fascism is unalterably committed to suppression of the mind.

The fascist offensive against the efforts of the people to raise themselves to a higher participation in the life of society is also an attack on Christianity itself. Its emphasis on the division of the people, race hatred, religious prejudice, and nationalism; its attempts to eradicate Christian principles from human consciousness; its low estimate of human life and dignity, brand it as the implacable foe of Catholicism. Fascism is so completely the negation of everything essential to true religion, that when it pretends to be the savior of the church, it does so in the sure knowledge that pseudo-religion is more deadly to Catholicism than sincere unbelief.

Fascism fears above all free and autonomous participation by the people in the governing process. It fears their growing political consciousness and their strong trade unions and political organizations. Its anti-communist campaign is, therefore, merely a cloak designed to conceal its vicious attacks on democracy. Don Sturzo was not deceived. He tells us that Mussolini was the savior of privilege because he ". . . condemned every ideal of democracy and liberty skillfully confounded in the same reprobation as socialism."

Despite the fact that fascism is resolved upon the destruction of the people's growing solidarity and is primarily waging a struggle against democracy, despite the fact that it is utterly hostile to genuine religious life and is bent on dissolving the very basis of such a life, many Catholics are lending it strength by supporting its so-called crusade against communism.

What a contradiction! Whether these Catholics know it or not, they are making common cause with a campaign devoted, in the name of anti-communism, to vicious slander of Negroes and Jews as well as to extermination of progressive organizations and trade unions. They are serving a doctrine and a practice, which in the name of anti-communism, is assaulting world-peace by fomenting armed reaction in country after country. They are supporting a cause which is dealing death blows to culture and is overwhelming human life with degradation and shame wherever it gets the upper hand. Not only that; they are actually furthering a cause whose followers, like Hitler, Franco, and the Black Legion, are bent upon the destruction of millions of Catholics. What a fearful holocaust to safeguard the wealth of the few! This spectacle becomes a hundredfold more tragic because among the crucifiers are many sincere Catholics whose religious loyalties have been exploited through confusion of the religious and economic issues. The beseeching cry of Our Lord is heard: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Prize illustrations of confusion among some of our Catholics would be in order. One of our well-known spokesmen tells us in the *Commonweal* of February 19 that "fascism . . . does not propagandize in other countries to make them adopt its tenets." This is irresponsible ignorance. Fascism propagandizes internationally. It is not averse to the use of conspiracy and force, as witness Rumania and Spain. In America we have the Black Legion and fascist cells in the army. Furthermore, our capitalists don't have to be Italian or German to know that the time has come when democracy tends to become a weapon which may be used against them.

These same Catholics would have us believe that ". . . if there were no communism, there would be no fascism," and that "fascism arises . . . as a reaction to communism." Reactionaries use this flimsy argument to throw dust in the eyes of innocent people. Eleven years ago Don Sturzo wrote that reactionaries see "the chief cause for anxiety in the proletarian movements which, after the war, were all confounded under the name of bolshevism."

One writer in the *Commonweal* of February 19 repeats a myth so obviously untrue that even fascists have abandoned it. He informs us that the threat of communism "brought Mussolini's legions to Rome." Signor Volpe, official historian of the fascist regime in his *Storia del Movemento Fascista,* admits that in 1922 Italy was not menaced by a communist revolution.

These people disclaim fascist sympathies, yet their support of Franco's insurrection in Spain must be taken as an indication of their general position. Although unimpeachable observers have asserted that only a small minority of those on the loyalist side are Communists, these Catholics are nonetheless eager to hand the Spanish people over to the tender mercies of military gangsters—in the name of anti-communism, of course. So ardent are they that they even abet the fascist destruction of a vast number of good Spanish Catholics. This betrayal is brushed aside by a very convenient slander. We are told in the *Commonweal* of April 9 that Catholics who did not tag along with their bishops on the side of the oath-breaker Franco are disobedient Catholics, and that the valiant priests on the side of the loyalists are "merely egotistic rebels against their own authorities." Coming from Catholics, such cowardly libel is past understanding. Not only is it an affront to thousands of good Catholics in Spain, but to all those Catholics in Ireland and elsewhere who have refused to become traitors to the cause of freedom merely for the sake of kotowing to the misused authority of reactionary bishops. As a Catholic of Irish descent, I must express my indignation at such slander.

The fact that millions of the disinherited the world over are supporting the loyalists because they know there are many Spains does not disturb the conscience of these Franco sympathizers. Many of them distrust the people more than they dislike the fascists. This distrust is eating away their human sympathies. They are coldly indifferent to the fate of the oppressed the world over, even when a large number of the oppressed are Catholics.

Instead of joining in protest meetings with those who abhor fascist barbarism, they put on Red-baiting exhibitions backed by powerful anti-labor and pro-fascist interests. In the face of a public conscience shocked by the fascist mass murder of Guernica's Catholic people, they had the effrontery to stage a public meeting in support of Franco and Hitler in Spain. Their defense of the fascist gangsters who machine-gunned Catholic women and children reached a new low in degeneracy and infamy when Rev. Grimley of London asked "why is it that these women and children always seem to get in the way of the bombs?" In striking harmony with these exhibitions of cold-blooded mockery, we get from a so-called spokesman such a gem as the following, in reference to fascism: "to sympathize with it in Italy or Germany, yes; but not to adopt it ourselves" (*Commonweal,* February 19, 1937).

What then is the solution for Catholics?

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Wherever they have been faced with the vital choice of democracy or fascism, vast numbers of Catholics have found the solution. Wherever people have been thrown into the realities of the struggle, they have evaluated quite correctly the anti-communist crusade of fascists and their Catholic supporters.

Lack of space forbids me to relate my experience with Catholics of France and Ireland who are spending themselves in the struggle of the people against reaction. Catholics in Spain, Germany, and Belgium are uniting with their fellow men against fascism.

Here in America we Catholics voted overwhelmingly against Reaction. We indicated too how we felt about the demagogic fascist leadership of Father Coughlin. We do not feel that we serve our religion in allying ourselves with Hearst, the Black Legion, and every inhuman and indecent element in our national life.

The world situation demands the strengthening of democratic forces. The hope of civilization lies in the fuller expansion of democracy, in its extension to the economic sphere. Modern democracy must seek to raise all the people, so that they may take part in the life of society with ever-increasing keenness.

HENCE we Catholics must show in practice, through our active support of the trade-union struggles, that we are clearly on the side of democracy as against fascist slavery. "Destruction of labor unionism would be paramount to the destruction of democracy and liberty," says the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. We must also give our full support to every progressive organization which fights valiantly for civil liberties. On no account must we allow ourselves to be blocked by those Catholics who permit fascist scoundrels to use Catholic organizations for a fight against democracy, under the usual fascist screen of attacking communism. Remember, too, that the anti-communist crusade of the fascists conveniently labels "communist" every democratic upsurge such as the Committee for Industrial Organization or the sit-down strike.

We, as Catholics, must unite with the masses of the people in their struggle for peace and freedom. Reactionaries within our own Catholic world must no longer keep us from expressing our Catholic solidarity with the oppressed multitudes. Our Catholic instincts will be deepened and enriched in a struggle that is rallying men of all races, creeds, and nationalities against the fascist negation not only of Christianity but of human life itself.

This unity is so essential to the defeat of fascism that we must not be tricked into betraying it when upper class Catholics cry "communism." We need unity, not red herrings. Democracy demands the coalition of the people; it cannot survive without it. Christianity will reveal its essential strength and beauty, not under fascism, but in a democracy in which each and every one of us can become all that he was created capable of being. If we mobilize our powers in the service of our fellow men, we shall not only wipe out the cowardly betrayal of the multitudes by some of our misleaders, we shall also be worthy of those innumerable Catholics who have offered their lives and shed their blood for democratic freedom.

Herb Kruckman

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

XIII—Hiring Longshoremen on the East Coast

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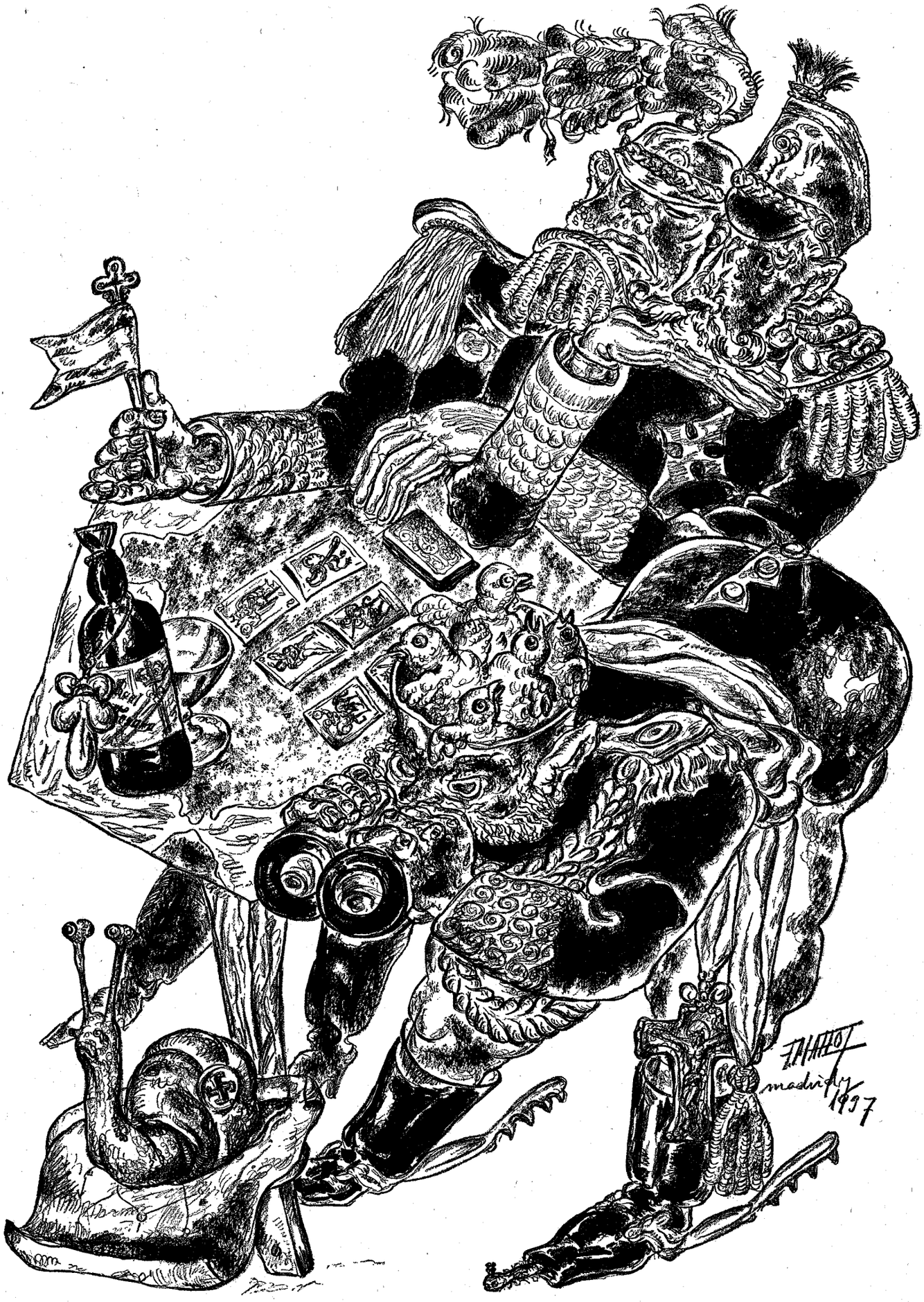

THE SPIRIT OF SALAMANCA

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Spain: Minus—and Plus

THE defenders of Bilbao are still fighting bravely but, as we go to press, their position appears extremely precarious. The rebels will take Bilbao, if at all, only because of overwhelming superiority in airplanes, big guns, tanks, and ammunition. The Italian commanders and troops, prominently featured in the reports of the siege, need this victory to compensate for their terrible defeat at Guadalajara. It is significant that the Italian government back home chose this moment to announce that 2739 "volunteers" had been killed, wounded, and were "missing" on the Madrid front.

The basis weakness in the defense of Bilbao was not only lack of the machinery of war, but also a position that can be regarded only as equivalent to an island in enemy territory. Madrid was never as isolated as is Bilbao. That the Basques have stood their ground so staunchly these many terrible weeks is testimony to the heroism in their hearts and the grandeur of their convictions.

But the plight of Bilbao may be offset by negotiations between the Socialist and Communist Internationals in Geneva. Acceptance of the Communist proposal for a united working-class front on Spain was made by Louis de Brouckere, chairman of the Second (Labor and Socialist) International, just after the rebels broke through Bilbao's defenses. Such a united front will be of tremendous aid and comfort to the fighters in Spain. No pretext can be weighty enough to prevent it.

Harpies Over Russia

THE reaction in the capitalist press to the arrest, trial, and condemnation of traitors against the Soviet power long ago became a stereotype. Always the same hypocritical concern for the "stability" of the regime, the identical myths and legends. This has been going on for twenty years and the end is not yet in sight.

The Bolshevik way has never been to hide a sore from the masses in the hope that it will somehow or other heal itself. The procedure has been openly to diagnose the trouble, root it out, and correct the causes. A weak government shows its weakness by a reluctance to face issues squarely. A strong government, strong in the support of the masses, shows its strength by a willingness to meet issues squarely.

In the final analysis, the real issue in the treachery of the eight generals is the effect of their exposure on the war plans of their employers, the Nazi regime in Germany. The fact that the eight traitors held high posts makes their demise a greater blow for those who pinned so much hope on them. What the capitalist press cannot or will not understand, workers accustomed to dealing with traitors in their ranks will readily appreciate.

In a recent speech, Stalin declared that the failure to uncover the Trotskyite and fascist traitors in the Soviet Union sooner was due to a relaxation of vigilance. "Master Bolshevism," he urged, and this vigilance will be restored. It remained for Frederick E. Birchall of the New York *Times* to cable an assortment of vicious "explanations," not quite as "simple" as that given by Stalin. Birchall put his credence in one about the visit to Stalin by a Viennese heart specialist, Prof. Hans Eppinger. The conviction of the eight generals was traced by Birchall to this alleged ailment of Stalin. Next day, the *Times* was constrained to follow up with a wireless from Vienna giving the following statement by Professor Eppinger's lawyer: "On behalf of my client, Professor Eppinger, I wish to say that he has never examined Joseph Stalin for the very good reason that he has never seen him."

Fraud Bolsters Force

THE steel strike has taken a new turn with a subtle "theoretical" offensive against labor as menacing as Tom Girdler's feudal ferocity or riot guns in the hands of a venal police. The press is attempting to hide the real issue of the labor struggle—collective bargaining—under a mass of irrelevancies, such as the nonsense about "censorship" of the mails by the strikers at Republic Steel.

This bit of hokum has disturbed some senators. The facts need disturb nobody. Assistant Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson, thirty-three years in the postal service, on his own initiative refused to permit mail deliveries of food to steel plants in Niles and Warren, O., on the ground that they involved abnormal service. Here he followed a precedent set during a strike in Philadelphia. Even Arthur Krock of the anti-C.I.O. New York *Times* had to admit: "The Post Office Department seems to have proceeded according to law and custom."

Another theoretical ambush prepared by the steel tycoons is their interpretation of the Wagner act. Because the act does not, in so many words, require a written agreement, Tom Girdler went into conference with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee swearing in advance that he would never accede to the union's demands. The union representatives correctly pointed out that collective bargaining is meaningless if an irrevocable decision has been made, and so stated, in advance.

This exhibition of bad faith is not peculiar to the steel business. Fifty percent of the strikes thus far in 1937 have been caused by the refusal of employers to recognize labor unions for collective bargaining. Commenting on this situation, Senator Robert F. Wagner said: "The real responsibility rests with the relatively few employers who either continue in their refusal to bargain collectively or who, having undertaken negotiations with employees and having arrived at understandings, have drawn the line at written contracts." And the senator concluded: "That sort of stuff is the same as saying to labor that you won't negotiate with them at all."

The author of the National Labor Relations Act ought to know.

Workers of the Press

THE main issue at the American Newspaper Guild convention, which met in St. Louis June 7-11, was the question of stream-lined trade unionism. There was not much of a battle. Such debate as arose came chiefly from those who accepted the C.I.O., but were reluctant to accept its full implications in terms of policy. Heywood Broun explained that the two are inseparable. "When you order corned beef and cabbage," he said, "you don't tell the waitress to bring you corned beef first and then cabbage." The broadening of jurisdiction to include all newspaper office workers in business, advertising, and circulation departments was adopted. The delegates decided by a smashing vote of 118½ against 18½ to affiliate with the C.I.O.

Even prior to the St. Louis convention, the Guild showed that it was on the march. Frankly C.I.O.-minded, it took on steam after the Milwaukee strike in 1936, sailed full tilt into the celebrated Associated Press case, and headed for this year's convention with 11,000 members, twice the 1936 figure, and 78 papers under contract. What gave the St. Louis convention a really historical character for white-collar and professional

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people, and hence for the entire labor movement, was not only the decision on the C.I.O., basic as it was to the proceedings, but the thoroughgoing progressive tone of the whole gathering. The convention sidestepped no fundamental issue before the American people. It took a progressive stand on independent political action, fascism, the Spanish situation, the Supreme Court, and W.P.A. reductions. To feeble demands that the Guild remain neutral on these vital issues, the convention replied by the overwhelming adoption of courageous resolutions.

Physicians' Progress

AS was to be expected, the convention of the American Medical Association in Atlantic City rejected the proposal submitted by the New York State Medical Society that the association take an active part in formulating a national health program directed toward all groups of the population. Instead a weak compromise resolution was adopted, committing the association to little or nothing and thus once again leaving responsibility for sorely needed medical reforms up to the non-medical public.

The very fact, however, that a resolution such as the one introduced by the New York medical society could reach the floor of the convention and receive serious consideration indicates something of a turning point in the hard-and-fast status quo policy of the association. Indeed, so unprecedented was the resolution that a number of newspapers prematurely announced that the association was going to declare for "public medicine." This startling announcement caused many people to wonder what is happening in organized medicine.

The answer is that the association leadership is cautiously—very cautiously—beginning to respond to pressure from both without and within the organization. Finding themselves in charge of the distribution of medical facilities which, in spite of great technological advances, cannot under the present system of medical organization take care of more than a small fraction of the population, they have become greatly alarmed at the possibility that this distribution will be taken out of their hands. They have seen the government step in and regulate other essential enterprises that have broken down under private management. Secondly, many doctors are themselves impoverished and there is a good deal of dissatisfaction among them, as evidenced by the recently published report of the American Foundation. The leadership of the A.M.A. is afraid of both interference from without and revolt from within, and, therefore, they have been moved to make some concessions. It is up to the public and the progressive doctors to exert further pressure upon them to see that the vaguely liberal principles enunciated at Atlantic City are carried into practice. That, at least, would be a beginning.

Broun—His guild went C.I.O.

Catching Up with Bouvier

THE American Medical Association has finally caught up with Bishop Bouvier of France who, in 1831, warned the Pope not to prohibit contraception if he wanted to retain his influence over the French. If the association means to go further, then it will have to do something concrete about some of the state and federal laws now on the books.

A lascivious snooper named Anthony Comstock once bullied the federal government and every state in the union into laws against obscenity and contraception. That was back in 1870, when obscenity and contraception were always linked together. Nevertheless a federal law still states that "Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious, and every filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print, or any other publication of an indecent character, and every article or thing designated, adapted, or intended for preventing conception or procuring abortion for any indecent or immoral use . . . and every article . . . which is advertised . . . and every letter, packet, or other mail matter containing any filthy, vile, or indecent thing, device, or substance . . . and every description calculated to induce or incite" is punishable by a $5000 fine or five years in jail.

The association has made substantial progress in the way of resolutions. Its job is now to do something about changing laws.

Is Hollywood in America?

RECALLING what a fine film Hollywood made of Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front,* you have probably been entertaining hopes for as truthful a picture from his second book, *The Road Back.* You may be interested to know that Universal, the producer, made twenty-one cuts in the film to please the Nazis, and submitted the final version to ex-Ambassador Hans Luther for his approval. The Brown network now extends to American films, unless American film fans show their protest at least as vigorously as did Hitler.

From Rorty to Hearst

JAMES RORTY'S malicious attack on the American Writers' Congress, published in the *Socialist Call* of June 5, was written before the congress convened. Mr. Rorty was, therefore, in no position to know what the proceedings or the program of the congress would be. Nevertheless, he knew all about it in advance. He knew that the congress "was conceived by the Communist Party to serve its interests, which are the interests of the Stalin regime in Moscow." And, in his profound understanding of contemporary history, he also knew that "that regime is bending every effort to procure the participation in the next war of capitalist America, aligned on the side of the Stalin regime in Russia."

The last refuge of the political scoundrel is patriotism; the first refuge of the literary scoundrel is "integrity." Mr. Rorty hurls his slanders against the people's front in the name of truth, sincerity, and decency. If he were really honest, he would frankly have said that he is a Trotskyite, a political partisan, a member of a group frantically at war with the people's front. This admission would not have justified, but it would have explained his position.

The overwhelming majority of those who attended the congress were supporters of the people's front. There was nothing strange in this; the call issued for the congress was based on this idea. Any congress which had to reconcile, let us say, supporters of the Spanish people's front and the Trotskyite insurrectionists in Barcelona would be doomed to futile wrangling. Freedom includes the right of a group to protect itself against those who seek to destroy its reason for existence. At this congress freedom of discussion was unlimited. Trotskyists attacked the Soviet Union and the people's front from the floor. The vast majority of the delegates were against them, but that is hardly a criticism of the congress.

Mr. Rorty's frenzied rhetoric will hand the congress delegates a laugh. But, as was to be expected, the Hearst press took it seriously. Last week, the Hearst papers ran a Red-baiting editorial headed "Artists in Uniform," a phrase coined by the Trotskyite Max

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Eastman. The editorial attacked the Writers' Congress as "a thinly veiled maneuver of the Stalinite Communists to establish a literary united front of Americans to aid Russia." The alleged proof for this assertion, according to the Hearst press, had been furnished by James Rorty. If anyone still doubts that Trotskyists aid fascism against the united forces of democracy and culture, we urge him to read the Hearst editorial.

A Message for Catholics

TOO long has the voice of catholicism been heard mainly in defense of reactionary policies and regimes. That was only natural because it is the hierarchy of the church—and not the simple folk who attend the churches—which is reflected in the press and radio. It is now generally known that the Roman Catholic hierarchy has played a deplorable role in most of the major crises of our times, particularly in the war in Spain.

It is with some gratification, therefore, that the NEW MASSES publishes in this issue the viewpoint of a Catholic who takes his stand with the forces of light. Peter McGuire's article does not represent our own views in many respects, but we see eye to eye on the major question: unity between Catholics and the labor movement, including the Communists, in the struggle against fascism. We urge our readers to bring this article to the attention of their Catholic acquaintances and fellow-workers who may feel otherwise.

Walter Shows Distress

WALTER LIPPMANN says the discussion about tax evasion is becoming rather confused in the public mind. His real feeling is that the issue is becoming far too clear.

J. P. Morgan has made a serious mistake. Instead of letting subtle sophists like Mr. Lippmann justify tax evasion by the rich in pseudo-legal and pseudo-ethical jargon, Morgan bluntly spoke his mind. When Morgan, whose father founded a fortune by cheating Abraham Lincoln's administration on rotten rifles, said that "Anybody is justified in doing anything so long as the law doesn't say it's wrong," Mr. Lippmann was disturbed. Mr. Lippmann knows only too well that the law is harsh with the small tax-evader.

Morgan is in the position ironically described by Anatole France, who said that under our social system the rich and the poor are equally entitled to sleep under bridges. The big banker, owing three million dollars in taxes, and the little accountant, owing fifty, are both entitled to "outwit" the government. Apart from social ethics involved, the fact remains that the banker gets away with it and the accountant doesn't. And that is what distresses Mr. Lippmann. Like any smart mouthpiece, he feels that his client has talked too much. In his opinion, "It cannot be a good thing for a nation to have it spread about that the well-to-do think they are entitled to see whether they cannot be a little smarter than their government. . . . *It is the very surest way of provoking the demagogy and of accentuating the class feeling which are unhappily so prevalent.*"

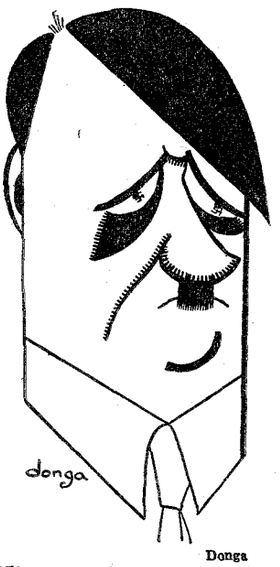
The reactionary mind is a wonderful thing to behold. What was wrong with the *ancien régime* was not that the French people had no bread, but that the queen was indiscreet enough to proclaim: "Let them eat cake."

To Speak or Not to Speak

THE alarm raised by the announcement that Adolf Hitler would deliver a speech on the future of Danzig from a castle in a small East Prussian town is worth a ton of essays on the unstable equilibrium of European "peace." On the one hand, everybody knows that the Nazis long ago marked the free city as an early kill. On the other, Danzig can be gobbled up by the Nazis only at the cost of estranging her ally, Poland.

The free city of Danzig was taken away from Germany by the Versailles Treaty in order to give Poland an outlet to the Baltic Sea. Danzig was to be independent—but Poland was given control of its foreign affairs and its commerce through a joint customs union. Nevertheless, the fact that Danzig was 95 percent German made the city a perpetual source of European discord.

This became especially acute after Hitler came to power. Today, for all real purposes, Danzig is a Nazi city. The Hitlerites secured a majority in the Danzig Volkstag back in 1933, but it was not until February 1935 that the Nazis got the two-thirds majority necessary to amend the constitution and outlaw all opposition parties.



Donga

His surprise was spoiled

This conflict of interest between Poland and Germany has kept Danzig nominally out of the Third Reich. The Treaty of Versailles sliced East Prussia away from Germany by giving Poland this corridor to the sea. Even though Poland is now Germany's ally, that fundamental contradiction remains. The Poles want to retain and the Nazis to regain Danzig and the corridor.

What then is the political significance of this latest scare over Danzig? Simply this. If Hitler carries through a coup forcefully annexing Danzig to Germany, then it can only mean that he is in desperate need of another "victory" in the foreign arena no matter what the cost in Polish friendship. The key to such a move in Danzig lies in Spain. The Nazis have staked much and realized little as yet in the Iberian peninsula. A Danzig coup at this time would be confession of defeat. Late news dispatches state that Hitler is now of the opinion that the announcement of his speech on Danzig was "premature" and may not take place after all. The speech may be delayed, but not for long.

Batista Loosens Up

THERE is more than one indication that, beneath the apparent calm that has settled over Cuba, preparations for far-reaching political change are steadily maturing. When Colonel Fulgencio Batista, the darling of Wall Street, forced President Mariano Gómez to resign several months ago, he merely postponed the day of reckoning; the deep-rooted discontent of the Cuban middle classes, which Gómez was beginning to make articulate, continues to gnaw away at the very foundations of his dictatorship. In this connection, General Menocal's withdrawal from the National Democratic Party is of prime significance. An astute conservative politician and founder of the party he has abandoned, he was unwilling to risk his political neck by further association with an organization that had definitely sold out to Batista. Menocal, it seems, knows a sinking ship when he is on it.

Meanwhile even Batista has had to loosen up somewhat to meet the new situation. May Day celebrations, widespread over the island this year, were not molested by the police. The drive for a people's front, markedly successful these past few weeks, is conducted in the open. The University of Havana has reopened it doors. The press is enjoying a freedom unheard of since Batista, with the aid of ex-Ambassador Sumner Welles, took power. Liberal and radical literature circulates in broad daylight. The daily papers carry criticisms of the government's failure to apply the amnesty law to all political

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prisoners and of its delay in calling together the Constituent Assembly which it had promised the Cuban people. The weekly anti-fascist journal *Mediodia* has increased its circulation from 3500 last January to over 10,000 in June.

The House of Representatives finally decided to hold the election for delegates to the Constituent Assembly next February 24 though no electoral code has yet been provided. There is still much doubt whether Batista will permit unhindered elections. One of Menocal's lieutenants, Dr. Antonio Alzola, was recently awakened from sleep by the explosion of a bomb in his home. Alzola was unhurt, but a free election was certainly endangered.

The Trouble They've Seen

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics has been investigating the status of Negroes in the iron and steel industry. In 1935 about 10 percent of the workers were colored, the proportion rising to 30 percent in the South. The bureau found that Negro employees receive the same pay as white workers performing the same tasks—but most colored workers "are concentrated in the less skilled and lower paid occupations." As a result, Negroes in iron and steel averaged 54.5 cents per hour against 69.5 for white employees.

A study of power laundries in twenty-two cities revealed "an almost incredible range of wage standards for the same type of work." Since eight out of ten "productive" laundry workers are women, their pay rates can be considered representative. Brockton, Mass., had the highest standard, $13.05 weekly, only white women being employed. Jacksonville, Fla., laundries set the low mark by paying Negro help $5, while white women got $8.35. In every instance Negroes were paid less than whites. The bureau makes this comment: "Where a large number of Negro women are employed . . . the wages of white women workers also tend to be depressed." Low as these weekly rates seem, they make pay scales seem higher than they are. "Average *annual* earnings ranged from $267 in Charleston, S. C., to $634 in Boston." Negroes, of course, were paid considerably less. One might suppose that such differentials meant lower laundry prices in the South. Not at all; Chicago and Raleigh both charged twelve cents a pound for family bundles. The northern city paid its women workers twenty-five cents an hour; those in Carolina earned fourteen cents. The bureau found this situation typical. General Johnson, among others, has criticized the Black-Connery Bill because it would upset long-established wage traditions in Dixie. He may be right—at any rate, we hope so.

Minneapolis Unmasks Trotskyism

THE mayoralty election in Minneapolis constituted a testing ground for conflicting approaches to the question of the farmer-labor party. Especially was this true of the policies represented by the Communist and Socialist parties.

The Minneapolis section of the Socialist Party is controlled wholly by the Trotskyites. In principle, the Trotskyites are opposed to a farmer-labor party on the ground that it is an *obstacle* to revolution. This must be understood in order to get a perspective on the following events.

Minneapolis confronted this theory with a practical political problem. In the May primaries, two candidates sought the Farmer-Labor Party nomination. The official candidate was Kenneth C. Haycraft, Minnesota's old-age-pension director. His opponent was former Mayor Thomas E. Latimer, repudiated by the Farmer-Labor Party for his anti-labor actions in the 1934 truck drivers' strike. General George E. Leach ran for the Republican nomination, unopposed.

The Minneapolis Trotskyites, headed by Miles and Vincent Dunne, first chose to support Latimer against Haycraft. They formed a rump Farmer-Labor convention for Latimer to give him the semblance of labor backing. This so greatly embarrassed the Trotskyites at the Socialist Party's national convention that the Trotskyites (operating under the name of the Socialist Party) finally announced officially that they would run their own candidate in the person of Vincent R. Dunne.

Throughout this period, the Minneapolis Communists were giving stalwart support to Haycraft as the official candidate of the Farmer-Labor Party. They declared that any split in the labor movement would react in favor of the Republican candidate. Haycraft was nominated over Latimer by a small margin; Latimer then withdrew from the campaign. Dunne received 893 votes out of a total of more than 100,000.

Suddenly, however, the Trotskyites reversed their whole position on the Haycraft candidacy. As the campaign neared its close, they decided to eat all they had said in the recent past. The reasons for the about-face are stated in the *Socialist Call* of June 12. A careful reading of this inconspicuously placed notice on page 9 should shed more light on Trotskyism than a ton of essays.

In the first place, it turns out that Latimer still received the Trotskyist support despite the independent "Socialist" candidacy of Vincent Dunne. We are told: "The Latimer caucus retains the backbone of the trade-union movement in Minneapolis, having among its delegates representatives from the Drivers' Union, Local 544, largest and most progressive in this section of the country." Now Local 544, led by Miles Dunne, is the Trotskyist wedge in the Minneapolis labor movement. Vincent Dunne campaigned as a "Socialist" while Miles Dunne, his brother and fellow-Trotskyite, was pushing the Drivers' Union behind Latimer. This duplicity is all the worse because Latimer's anti-labor record was made in breaking the 1934 strike of this very Local 544!

The Trotskyites also discovered virtues in Haycraft which were completely absent just a short time ago. We read in the same issue of the *Call:* "During the coming campaign which ends June 14, Socialists will stress the necessity of supporting the F.-L. P. candidates as against those backed by reaction. Leach is the main enemy, backed by every unsavory rascal that capitalism can produce. Basis of the Socialist support lies in the fact that the F.-L. P., as compared to the old-line parties, is subject to pressure from organized labor in a greater degree than other parties, since most of its support comes from the workers."

All this was just as true in April and May as it is in June. It will be interesting to see whether the Socialist Party follows the same line of reasoning in New York. More to the point is the fact that the Trotskyites are simply confederates of the reactionary Latimer. When he decided to split the F.-L. P., they split. When he decided to stop the open fight against Haycraft, they stopped. He raised the Red-scare of Communist "domination" of the F.-L. P. They did likewise. In fact, the *Socialist Call* tries to justify the rump convention of the Latimer crew by charging that the Communists "packed" the official F.-L. P. convention.

These heroes of revolutionary inflexibility thus adopted three different and contradictory positions in one brief, mayoralty campaign. They started by supporting Latimer; in the middle, they presented their own "independent" Socialist candidate; they finished by getting on the Haycraft band-wagon. Every time they switched, they followed Latimer's lead.

There are sectarians and sectarians. There are some sectarians in the Socialist Party who are such through mistaken principle. The Trotskyites must be placed in a very different category. They are *unprincipled* sectarians. The Minneapolis election proves that there is no policy which they will not pursue *in words* in order to knife the labor movement in deeds. That is the essence of Trotskyism today.

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The Showdown in Youngstown

The struggle with the big independents is epitomized by the steel strike there

By Adam Lapin

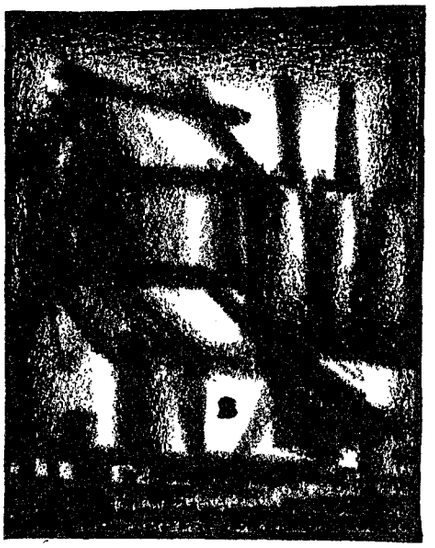
YOU could see the successive crests of green trees and the gray roofs of houses covering the slopes in the distance. It was a bright sunny afternoon. The sky was clear, stripped of its ceiling of black smoke. And John Owens, the stout, baldish mine leader who now heads the vast steel strike machinery in Youngstown, O., and the entire Mahoning Valley, sat in his hotel room answering my persistent questions about himself. About his background, about the issues involved in the strike. Occasionally the telephone rang. There was a call from Washington about a strike in some Ohio mine, one about some pickets arrested the day before, another about when Owens would leave for Columbus to see the governor.

That night it rained hard. Under cover of darkness and the torrent of rain, an escort of police ran a food truck into one of the Republic mills underneath the Market Street bridge. Embittered by the incident and others before it, pickets went after a policeman and a plain clothes man who were snooping around. In a few minutes, Sheriff Elser arrived with two armored trucks loaded with deputies. Elser's men marched at the crowd of pickets with tear-gas guns extended, stacks of bombs in bags at their waist. The sheriff gave the word to fire. A little later, a striker came running up the narrow winding staircase that led from the plant to the bridge, his face streaming with blood and rain. "They didn't even warn us, they didn't give us a chance," he repeated again and again.

Earlier in the day Owens had told me in some detail about the 1927 mine strike in Ohio. He said that the strike lasted for six years, that hundreds of union miners never went back to work until a contract was signed with the operators in 1933, that many mines stayed shut during those bitter years, that there were arrests and shootings, that it was the heyday then of sheriffs, deputies, and cops —and that the union won in the end.

I don't think that Owens meant to say that the present strike would last for six years or some substantial fraction of that. I think he did mean that the strike might well be bitter and prolonged and hard fought and that the union would win in the end.

It is difficult, covering this story from day to day, noting the progress of the picket lines, occasional incidents of violence, frequent press conferences, to grasp the overwhelming importance of what is taking place here. But with the exception of the General Motors strike in Flint, I know of no strike in recent months and years of similar importance.



A. Ajay

The new powerful steel union has come to grips with its most determined adversaries. The C.I.O. faces its most grueling test. This is a decisive battle in the guerrilla warfare that broke into the open with such violence in last year's election campaign. The fat boys have taken licking after licking. The spectacular growth of the C.I.O. and the new steel union have been perpetual reminders of impending doom for the open-shoppers, and some of them are tired of being licked.

The events leading to the strike are familiar. Led by those two knights-errant of rugged individualism, Tom Girdler and Ernest T. Weir, the independents banded together to stop the union which had already enrolled 500,000 steel workers and signed contracts with more than 140 steel companies, including the five subsidiaries of the master corporation of them all, United States Steel. The union demanded signed contracts. The independents argued that they had never signed in the past (although it is widely known that they all have contracts with the United Mine Workers) and that an agreement in the form of a check-off and the closed shop was a concession to the final triumph of Satan.

What everyone expected took place. More than 75,000 workers in seven states in the plants of Inland Steel, Republic Steel, and Youngstown Sheet & Tube have been on strike for almost three weeks now. If the union wins, steel will be organized practically 100 percent. If it loses, the C.I.O. will suffer the most serious setback in its short and brilliant career. The issue is simple. It is unionism in steel—the end of the closed shop. The lines are sharply drawn. Compromise seems impossible.

You could see just how strong the union is on that Wednesday night when the mills were shut down. In the afternoon the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee organizers and lodge officials met with their national and regional officials: Philip Murray, Clinton Golden, and others. At five o'clock they left the meeting place in the heart of Youngstown to carry out a strike call in six hours, to shut down the mills that form a gauntlet of chimneys and furnaces on both sides of the yellow trickle of water that is the Mahoning River.

The organizers and lodge officials sped away: Tom White, the courageous wiry little Scotchman, who heads the Republic Steel lodge; Bob Burke, the Youngstown boy who went to Columbia University, to turn anti-fascist, to be kicked out and to return to Youngstown as S.W.O.C. organizer at the Republic mills; Gus Hall, another Youngstown boy, blond and husky, who was given the toughest assignment of all, the Republic mills at Warren; Shorty Stevenson, the brilliant little organizer who has made the execution of the strike at the huge mills of Youngstown Sheet & Tube a model of precision and organization; Smiley Chattack, the simple, powerful miner from the Allegheny Valley who, in being sent to Brier Hill where trouble was expected, got the toughest jobs the S.W.O.C. had.

At ten o'clock that night the bessemers and open hearths were great flames on either side of the dark river. But heavy picket lines were already at every gate. At eleven o'clock the workers streamed out of the mills. The picket lines grew. A heavy rain went unnoticed. You could see a jet of flame sucked into a thin chimney in the distance and extinguished, until only here and there were the tips of the black cylinders illuminated. And in the early hours of the morning the mills were quiet. Thirty-two thousand workers were on strike. I can think of no more effective demonstration of power.

That power has grown during the succeeding days and weeks. Picket lines are strengthened every day. Picketing has been organized. Every striker has a time card for the hours he serves on the line. There is considerable rivalry and competition about the length of service. Commissaries have been established. Mass meetings are held every night at the main gates. A strike bulletin is being issued. Additional organizers have been sent in by the S.W.O.C.

In Warren, at the most crucial point, the

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union showed its greatest strength in terms of militancy and organization. The mills at Warren produce both tin and steel. They are strategically important for Republic Steel. The union has been traditionally weak here. A lodge of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, & Tin Workers has existed for years. But most of the workers did not belong. It was here that the company concentrated the largest number of scabs and strike-breakers. And it is here that the union has its most magnificent picket lines, stretching over eleven miles of winding road and God knows how many miles of wood and underbrush, farms and fields. At night the roads that lead past the mills are patrolled with military precision. Where darkness obscures the terrain, great searchlights are used to illuminate every inch of ground. Despite the comparatively large number of scabs, trains and trucks have neither gone in nor out of the mills. No steel has been made in Warren.

And in all this the steel workers have not stood alone. At this writing, unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. in Youngstown are considering the possibility of a general strike. Organizers are present from the United Mine Workers and other C.I.O. unions. As the strike enters the stage where a relief apparatus is needed, the fifteen C.I.O. international unions expected to contribute very generously.

But every resource of the steel union will be needed. Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell of Youngstown Sheet & Tube have powerful forces arrayed against the C.I.O. They have not only their own industrial empires, but those of their allies, Bethlehem Steel and National Steel. Just as the union can count on support from other unions, the independents can expect aid in one form or another from bankers and industrialists who share their desire to smash the union. The election of a former cop from Aliquippa to head the American Iron & Steel Institute is not without meaning.

That these companies have well furnished arsenals within their mills is widely known. It is not equally recognized that, particularly in the main strike centers in Illinois and Ohio, state and municipal officials have already shown that they will either coöperate with every strike-breaking scheme or offer little resistance. The murder of eight strikers by the corrupt police of Chicago is a token of what may be expected. The sheriff of Mahoning County has been green with envy.

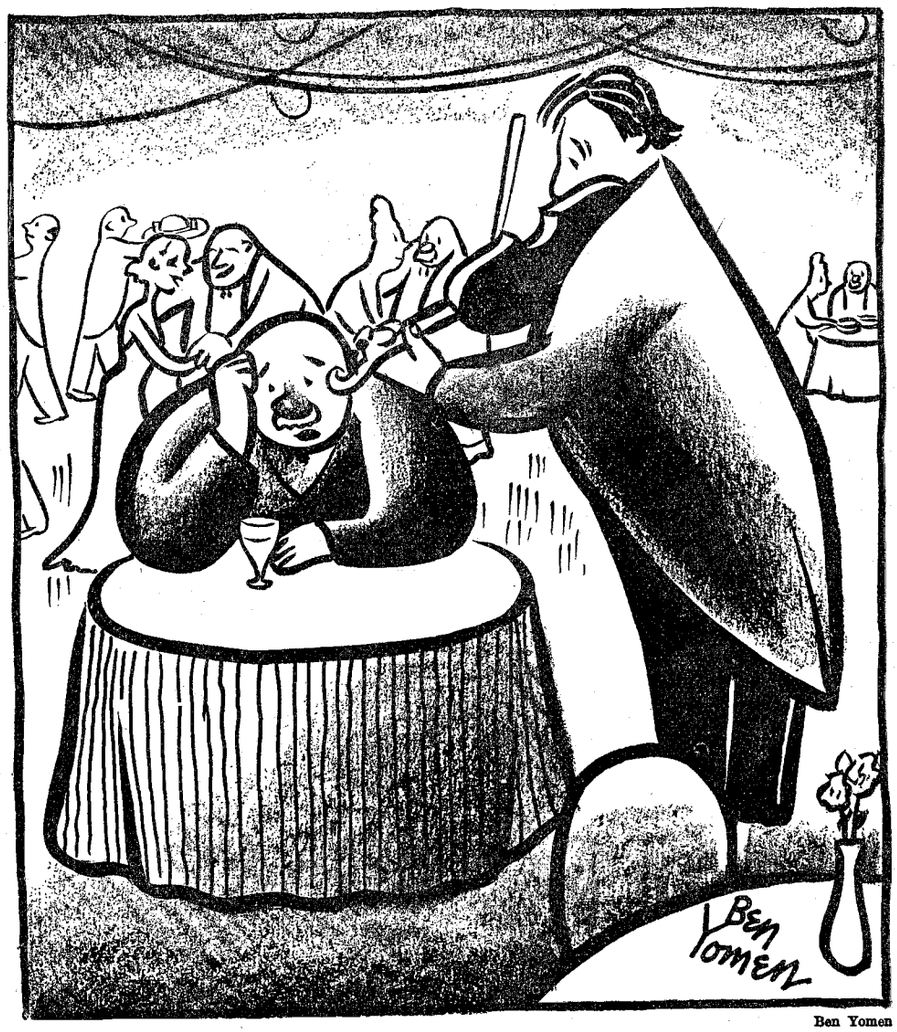
Philip Murray charged with considerable cogency that the Mohawk Valley formula of strike-breaking, perfected by Pearl Bergoff and James H. Rand, Jr., during the Remington Rand strike is being emulated in the Mahoning Valley. While it is impossible to draw the parallel in detail here, the two most potent weapons used against the union were the organization of public opinion, meaning mainly the middle-class and professional people, and the use of armed force, through pressure on the constituted authorities, to break the strike.

In Warren, business men met under the ægis of the Chamber of Commerce and formed a vigilante group which they gave the picturesque if not accurate name of the John Q. Public League. In Youngstown this has been unnecessary because Sheriff Elser has been willing to deputize those groups which would most naturally form vigilante committees. The county has been footing the bill.

The union is making serious efforts to attract the middle-class people of Youngstown to its support. A full-page ad addressed to precisely this group has been inserted in the militantly anti-strike Youngstown *Vindicator*. Radio appeals and other forms of publicity are being considered. A prominent auto dealer came out publicly in support of the strike from the business man's point of view, and called on Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell to settle the strike so that he and his colleagues could resume their normal pursuit of profits. Nevertheless, the problems remain serious and acute.

The greatest immediate menace is Sheriff Elser, a publicity man and former school teacher. He is now definitely sold on the idea of breaking the strike. He has assembled a small arsenal in the county jail. He has deputized one hundred company union men, business men and other enemies of the C.I.O. He takes great pride in the two armored trucks which he purchased at the county's expense. At the slightest provocation, he is liable to take forty to fifty armed deputies for a ride in the trucks just to show the people. Elser is jittery and ridiculous. The elephantine sheriff's desire for space in the papers has made him a butt among the newspapermen. His maxims, such as "I am in office not in politics," are repeated with malicious glee. But Elser is dangerous because he is provocative. He displays his small army at every opportunity. He blows up every minor foray to the maximum. And more than that, he is undoubtedly not acting on his own. As a Democrat elected by the votes of the workers now on strike, he probably realizes that his political career is at stake. There must be a reward waiting for him somewhere.

As the strike drags on, incidents of violence provoked by Elser and his like will undoubtedly be frequent. "Back-to-work" movements will be begun in earnest. Bitterness and tension will grow. Neither side will yield easily. When the strike reaches a crisis, the union hopes for the intervention of President Roosevelt and the federal government. But the C.I.O. is counting on nothing but its own strength and that of its supporters as it enters its severest test, and what will almost certainly become its greatest and most hard-earned triumph.



Ben Yomen

"It's no use, Henri, I can't get my mind off the C.I.O."

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The "Playground of the East"

There's more to Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod, than its art colony and duneland

By Bill Duane

THIS is probably the first word in six months that has come out of Provincetown out on the tip of Cape Cod, that has not been pure publicity.

The place has gone publicity crazy—blowing up such trivial yarns as the famous "No ski pants in the high school," and "Death to cats!" until they were certain to be picked up by the big news services as juicy human interest stories.

Whether they will be instrumental in bringing the money-spending crowds down here this summer, is hard to tell. The place is going to be jammed anyhow. Provincetown is a catch-all; it always has been, and it very likely always will be.

The art student will come, with his neat little box of paints and his collapsible easel, and the writer will try to put on paper the swell and meeting of dune and sea. The drunks, the fakers, the shop-keepers, and the hawkers will come as they always have, and Commercial Street will tremble under the tread of thousands of vacationing feet.

Few will remember that on Commercial Street just a season ago a party given by the American League Against War and Fascism was raided by two town cops, with the assistance of one state trooper. Even fewer will remember that as a result of this raid Ernest L. Meyer, columnist of the New York *Post,* was arrested for obstructing traffic in spite of the fact that he was standing on private grounds at the time.

It was just a season ago, too, when the director of the Wharf Theatre refused to listen to the pleas of a committee begging him to put on *Waiting for Lefty,* on the grounds that one of the committeemen was a Jew!

Oh, yes! These things happened in Provincetown. In spite of the fact that it's very nearly the last outpost of Bohemia, and that its wide-open policy is half its charm.

But there are a lot of things in Provincetown that never meet the eye. For one thing, the people of Provincetown are scared as hell of the cops. Not the summer people—the natives, the Portuguese! For some reason or other, they're scared as hell of the gun-swinging boys they themselves have armed and uniformed. Just recently the police, the selectmen, and the owners of local liquor establishments got together and published a blacklist, intended to keep habitual drunks and "troublemakers" from getting a drink anywhere in town. The list contained thirty-six names when it appeared, and gained about three names in its first week.

The people on the list are pretty sore, but they should get a lot madder. For one thing they were never given a hearing; their names were just slapped down, and that was that. A couple dared question the move on the grounds that getting a few snorts too many didn't justify being branded town drunks, but it didn't do any good. The selectmen, to whom the appeals were made, said that the lists were not going to be made public, so what the hell!

So what the hell! A man's name doesn't have to be pasted on a shop window to have it known that he's blackballed. To be publicly refused a drink is just as defamatory.

It's not beyond the bounds of reason to expect the list's being used to keep others than topers from the bar. The success of the various "cause" parties given by progressive groups during the summer is largely, by the nature of things, dependent on the serving of alcoholic drinks. What a wonderful weapon the police have given themselves in this new blacklist!

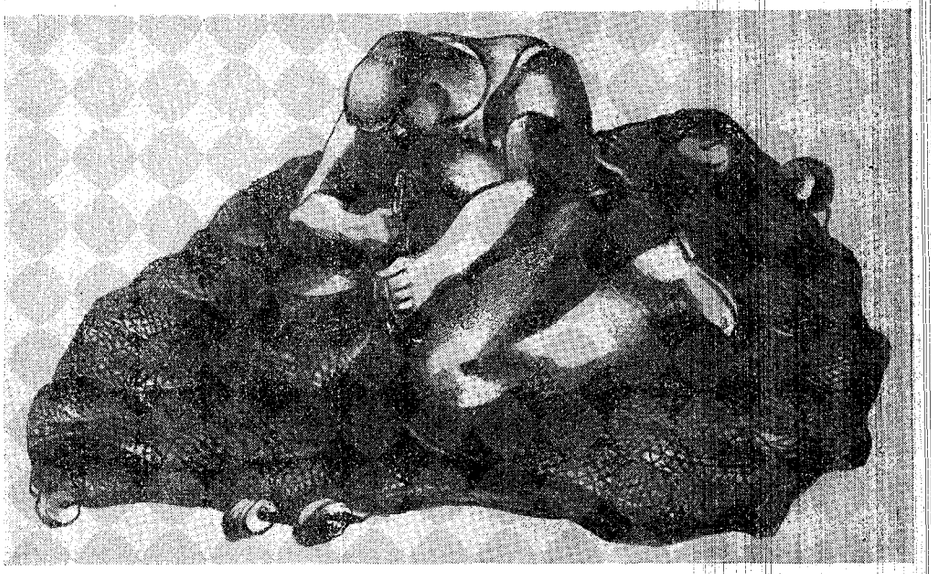
Another thing, and a big one, that the visitor to the Cape's tip invariably overlooks, is the fact that little Provincetown is, in every sense of the phrase, a "company town." The company in this case is the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, having as its local boss one Mr. Rowe, who should go on the record as having said: "The trouble with this town is that there are too many lousy two-dollar voters!" The Provincetown poll tax is two dollars.

Mr. Rowe and his company almost got into a jam last winter by trying to push a bill through the State House in Boston the passing of which would have meant the end of independent fishing on the Cape. As a matter of fact, the bill turned around and socked Mr. Rowe square on the chin, because before it was rushed through, the independents in town got together and formed an association that was strong enough to delay action a full year.

The story of the bill is a tale in itself, and too big to take up here. Because of it, however, the head of the Fishermen's Association made a statement before the Provincetown Board of Trade that gives the tip-off on the whole situation: "The Atlantic Coast," he said, "has bought the whole crew of this town. Yes! The whole crew—captain, mate, cook!"

As is hardly common gossip, progressive activity in Provincetown has to be carried on with kid gloves. One false move and a liberal head would go rolling into the bay! But there is a militant Artists' & Writers' Union flourishing in town, keeping an eye out for civil liberties, and doing its utmost to bring the townspeople and the artists into closer acquaintanceship. The union has sponsored a W.P.A. art exhibit, designed to get definite response from the "non-creative" public. The idea was to have each visitor cast a vote for the three pictures he likes best; and then to request of the W.P.A. that the three winning pictures be allocated to Provincetown. Basing its activity on such affairs will undoubtedly win the union a firm position in the workings of the town, but it will take time!

So if you've planned a vacation on Massachusetts's "bare and bended arm," come ahead; but don't count on a free atmosphere.



Fisherman Mending Net Lithograph by John Lonergan

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READERS' FORUM

From the composer of "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water"—Dialectics and ideas—The Catholic's problem

● Being a subscriber and an avid reader of the NEW MASSES, I naturally am following your entertaining and pungent musical reviews and enjoy them very much. . . .

Although I have written in every "style" and, like many would-be composers, changing my idiom from time to time to meet the changing conditions, I still, I suppose, will be called a "lyricist" but I hope not a hopeless "romantic," and yet I have the theory that for a long time to come the nations at large will lean to a liking of the definite or reasonably definite "melodic line," which I have almost my entire career tried to follow. . . .

I have tried through the years to write for the "proletariat" and not the highbrow, though the highbrow surely has something to his credit in the moot question of "taste." At any rate, having worked for some years in the Pittsburgh district steel mills as my father before me did, and knowing the heart of the worker all these years, it seems to me that if one is sincere and honest, they will try to write what may appeal to the minds and emotions of the majority, and though I may have missed it a whole lot in much of my stuff, I feel my ideology in the matter is right, though I would be disagreed with æsthetically. . . .

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN.

Swedish Line Policy

● On a recent cruise aboard the *Kungsholm,* I was given a table number prior to embarkation, at the pier of the Swedish-American Line. I was soon to discover the reason for such efficiency. My table companions, I found, were exclusively Jewish. A careful study of the dining-room seating plan revealed that similar groupings had been arranged for other Jews on the trip. At the evening cocktail hour to which passengers are invited as guests of the liner, I was segregated at a table in the lounge which had been set aside for the other representatives of my race.

Upon my return to New York, a conference with an official of the line brought scant satisfaction. When I objected to the ghetto principle of segregating Jews, an attempt was made to confuse the issue by asking me why I objected to sitting with my own people. I was further informed that the Swedish-American Line has a right to establish its own policies, to which I replied that passengers have the right to know the policies of a line on which they travel.

I should like to urge a flood of letters to the Swedish-American Line protesting against its policy of racial discrimination.

MARTHA K. FEINGOLD.

Professor Slochower Differs

● In his review of my book *Three Ways of Modern Man* [NEW MASSES, June 1, 1937], Henry Hart dissents from my statement that "for all their differences, Undset, Mann, and Nexö are yet combinable." Hart argues that "as ideas" they are not, for "the dialectical synthesis occurs not in the world of ideas, but in the world of action." This point has been raised elsewhere as well, and I plan to discuss it later more fully. Permit me at this time to comment on it briefly.

Concerted action in the *human* realm necessarily means having some concerted idea behind that action. The denial of this position (a) introduces a sharp dualism between theory and practice, (b) reduces action in the social sphere to a mechanical or to a chance phenomenon.

My suggestion that Undset's Catholicism, Mann's Protestantism, and Nexö's socialism are combinable, is not meant in the interests of a literal unity of the three in their complex totality. In point of fact, while accepting some aspects of each of the three ways, my analysis rejects others. (Compare "Conclusion" and correspondence in "Appendix.")

A higher synthesis of various ideas is a phenomenon that is characteristic of almost every *system* of thought. The organic unity of the various entering elements distinguishes the synthesis from an atomic eclecticism. I am discussing possible syntheses *within* the discursive pattern. To be sure, *ultimately,* sion" and correspondence in "Appendix.")

Undset, Mann, and Nexö are combinable first by virtue of what they are *against,* that is, by their opposition to fascism. Their rejection of the same entails a criticism of capitalism, of which fascism is the hysterical form. Furthermore, this anti-commercial stand is polarized toward positive directions: spirituality, the placing of man over economics, humanism, socialism, etc. These various elements are at least analagous in spirit.

I trust Mr. Hart will forgive me for this categoric comment on his discussion of my book, a discussion which I consider, all in all, able and high-minded.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

Mr. Hart Replies

● The point under discussion is a fundamental one and, since Professor Slochower plans to deal with it more fully later, I think it might be more productive if I postponed my reply.

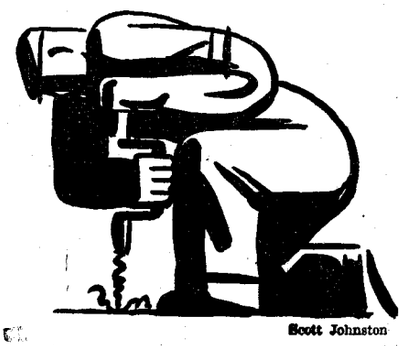
HENRY HART.

A Letter from a Catholic

● I am going to tell you something about myself, not in a spirit of egotism, but to help reveal to left-wing leaders and writers that I may epitomize a silent group in American life which is little known —little known because they do not write; they do not protest, but go on in a singularly cloistered life with sympathies that they dare not voice; with hatreds that they dare not utter; with songs that they dare not sing; with knowledge that they refuse to bring into the sunshine; and with affiliations, religious and otherwise, to which they give lip service when they are forced to, but in which they have no belief.

I speak of the Catholic intellectual, who, because of family religious fervor and fanaticism, of life-long Catholic friends, of sisters and brothers who are in the convent or priesthood; of employment in Catholic schools and other Catholic institutions; the complete absence of toleration permitted by the hierarchy and press and "intellectual" leaders; and the remarkable system of regimentation developed in the church, which influences Catholics to show outwardly a united front when there is silent dissension, hatred, unwillingness, and discontent within.

You saw an example of it in the last election, when before Nov. 3 it appeared in Brooklyn, from reading the mouthings of Catholic leaders, that Catholics were going to vote en masse against Roosevelt; which they did not. You have another example in Spain, which has always been boasted of by Catholic apologists as the cradle of Catholicism. Yet it is in Spain, Catholic Spain, that Spaniards have shown at times special ferocity against the hierarchy and other institutions within the Church. France years ago is another example. So-called Catholic persecution, it may be stated, is more likely to happen in Catholic than in non-Catholic countries. You know why it is, I suppose. Partly it is due, I think, to the fact that Catholics in being forbidden self-criticism tend to stifle their anger and rage until it reaches the bursting point. A Catholic teacher in a Catholic college is often dismissed during August to make way for a clergyman or a friend of the dean or president. The dismissed Catholic teacher then boils with anger, but does nothing. There are more agnostics, sympathizers with left-wing movements, and really educated Catholic intellectuals in the American Catholic Church, I think, than is dreamed of by the groups for which you stand. But there are forces which few non-Catholics can understand which keep them within the doors of nominal or pretended Catholicism.



Scott Johnston

I am an example of the above group. My living, as well as that of my wife and our three children, depends upon the work that I do at a Catholic institution. Every week I read the NEW MASSES, I attend every major left-wing rally in Madison Square Garden and Mecca Temple; I have read Marx, many portions of Lenin, and Adoratsky's little book, *Dialectical Materialism,* at least six times. The Moscow *News, China Today,* the *Sunday Worker* are on my reading list. I contribute small sums surreptitiously to the Spanish loyalist cause, and occasionally to relief for strikers when I have the opportunity. In conversation with my Catholic friends I find myself frequently suggesting contradictions in society, and criticism of a Marxian and Leninist nature, however imperfect. I am made furious, although many times for the sake of expediency I am silent, when I am exposed to the rantings of a vulgar boor who tries to stir up or apologize for race hatred. I identify myself with the working class and glory in the winning of a strike, child labor restrictions, passage of minimum-wage laws and other legislation which will benefit the masses. But I pass as a liberal who looks on Roosevelt as one who is saving us from chaos. Yet I would not dare inform my boss that I was even a Rooseveltian for fear that I would lose my job.

Perhaps this is enough to let you know that there may be many of my stamp in Catholic circles. Certainly I know personally Catholic sympathizers with Communists; Catholics who refuse to have any truck with Jew-baiting; Catholics who are liberal. And believe it or not *the majority of Catholics are sympathetic to the side of the loyalists in Spain. I have heard only a few Catholics show enthusiasm for Franco.* I should, however, limit this italicized statement by excluding the clergy and officers of such organizations as the K. of C. and the Holy Name Society. I attended the fascists' rally for Spain at Madison Square Garden on May 19, after a ticket had been given me. (And what a task I had to avoid buying one!) Do you know that it was extensively advertised as far south as Camden, N. J., and as far north and east as Albany and Waterbury? However the entire downstairs of the Garden was empty, and the balconies themselves were not even filled. Out of millions of Catholics acquainted with the rally—for it was announced at every urch service in greater N. Y. the preceding Sun- y by the priests—barely 12,000 were in attendance.

Finding it economically necessary to lead a kind double life, I have only the above methods, to- ther with the composition of such letters as this, blow off steam at times when the brain boiler comes too hot.

DARBY DONNELLY.

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To honor the Americans who have died . . .
. . . to help the Americans who live
IN SPAIN'S FRONT LINE TRENCHES

Robert Minor, James W. Ford, Ralph Bates, General Coppec and Captain Martin Houriban —at the front. (Inset—Robert Minor)

Hear

ROBERT MINOR—Now enroute from Spain

JAMES W. FORD—Recently in the trenches

SAMUEL STEMBER—Commander, Lincoln Battalion, just returned from five months on the Jarama front

WILLIAM FLAHERTY—Father of three fighters in the Battalion

PHIL BARD—formerly with the Lincoln Battalion

Greet the delegation accompanying the $25,000 Independence Day shipment to Spain.

Skits and Songs by "Brigade of Five." Broadway entertainers going to give behind-the-lines entertainment.

The relatives of the boys in the battalion will be honored guests at the meeting.

By Special Arrangement, This Meeting Will Be Broadcast to Spain!

MASS RALLY — HIPPODROME

General Admission Twenty-five Cents

43rd Street and 6th Avenue

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23—at 8 p. m.

Auspices: Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The second "Piatiletka"—Roundabout America—Marxist criticism, the Far East, and two painters

OPPONENTS of socialism have repeatedly argued that any practical socialist experiment would fail, because: (1) socialism would destroy the incentives to labor, by removing the fear of unemployment and starvation from the workers' minds; (2) socialism, having expelled the profit-makers, would find no men of "enterprise" to run industry efficiently and continually improve its technique; (3) a socialist society would never consent to accumulate enough capital to provide for the expansion or even the maintenance of output, but would always prefer present consumption to provision for future needs; (4) a socialist society, having interfered with the free play of "supply and demand," would have no means of planning output so as to put its productive resources to the best use.

We socialists have all been confronted with these arguments hundreds of times over; and capitalist economists, such as von Mises (who wrote the silliest book about socialism ever written by a supposedly intelligent man), are still advancing them. Once upon a time we socialists could meet their contentions only with theoretical answers; and the argument easily developed into a slanging-match, in which one side's word was apt to appear as good as the other's.

But today we can say "Liar!" in a much more convincing tone to anyone who puts forward the old case against socialism. We can add, "You just look at Russia"; for what has been actually achieved in the Soviet Union during the past few years utterly discredits every one of the familiar capitalist arguments.

First, the Russian workers, beginning admittedly from a low level, have under socialism increased their output immensely faster than it has been increased in any other country. This is partly a consequence of improved equipment and better technical training; but it is also largely due to the Stakhanov movement, which has shown that the spirit of socialist zeal and emulation supplies a much stronger incentive to increased output than the fear of unemployment and starvation on which capitalism relies.

Secondly, the Russians, beginning with a lamentable shortage of technicians and managers of every sort, have picked out and trained leaders and experts at an unprecedented rate, and have drawn the new leadership chiefly from the ranks of the workers and peasants, and from men and women alike. Most marvelous of all is the rapid provision of skilled managers and experts for the new collective farms which have already almost completely replaced the twenty-five million small peasant holdings.

Thirdly, the Soviet Union has been accumulating capital immensely faster than this has ever been done by any capitalist society; for the Russians, starting with an undeveloped or broken-down industrial system, were determined to turn it within a brief space of years into the most advanced productive system as yet seen in the world.

Already they have done this to such an extent that they are able to relax their pace of accumulation, and to provide in the Second Five Year Plan for a more rapid increase in the output of consumable goods than that of instruments of production.

This they have been able to do, despite the fact that fascist war-mongering has forced them to divert to measures of defense resources which would otherwise have been used for raising the standard of life even faster than it has actually been improved.

Fourthly, the Soviet Union has found no difficulty in deciding what to produce, because under socialism there can be no shortage of power to consume everything that can be made, and, in settling what to make first, it can act on the advice which comes up to the national planning commission from every industrial enterprise, regional or municipal body and consumers' organization in every part of its territory.

These indisputable facts dispose quite thoroughly of the familiar capitalist objections. The superior efficiency of socialism as a method of producing and distributing wealth has already been demonstrated. Russian industry is, indeed, still behind the best-equipped industries in capitalist countries in productivity. But it is catching up at a quite wonderful rate.

The reader who wants to know in detail how this is being done should get hold of the full text of *The Second Five Year Plan,** now published in English in an impressive volume of nearly seven hundred pages, with an introduction in which Mezhlauk, the chairman of the State Planning Commission, tells us how the plan actually worked out in the three years, 1933-5. In this book, the reader has the national plan entire—though not, of course, the further mass of detail working out its application to every factory, workshop and farm in the Soviet Union.

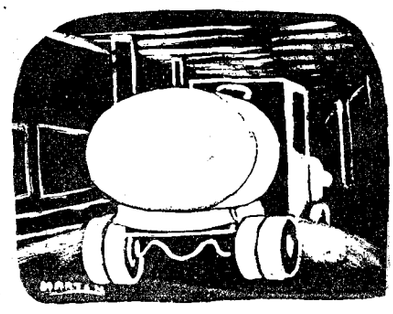
One thing he can see for himself from this book is that the Russian Communists, unlike the people (or the government) in any capitalist country, are able to plan what to produce up to the full limits of their technical capacity. Not, of course, that they stick slavishly to the plans, when once they are made. The five year plan is only for guidance, not for a rigid adherence to its terms. In practice it is always being modified, in the light of changing needs and opportunities. There is no law of the Medes and Persians about it. But it is designed to give to each factory, mine, workshop, farm and office a definite job to do, and it gives every willing worker an assurance that there can be no shortage of employment.

Under the Second Five Year Plan, the Soviet Union is practically finishing its task of building socialism in a single country. By 1937, when the Second Five Year Plan ends, there will be hardly a wrack of capitalism left. And the minds of the people will have become securely socialist along with the economic organization. You cannot run a socialist system with anti-socialist minds. That is why it was indispensable to speed up the collectivization of agriculture, in order to "socialize" the peasants' minds. That once done, socialism in the Soviet Union rested on secure foundations, which no power on earth could avail to overthrow.

This book tells you how these great things are being accomplished, and how, on the basis of what has been achieved, the Soviet Union is advancing to fresh conquests, and rapidly raising the standard of living in town and country alike.

G. D. H. COLE.

* THE SECOND FIVE YEAR PLAN, *The State Planning Commission. International Publishers.* $1.75.



Martin

American Byways

THE ROAD: IN SEARCH OF AMERICA, *by Nathan Asch. W. W. Norton & Co.* $2.75.

MR. ASCH has recently completed a pilgrimage that more and more of our younger writers have either made or wanted to make in the past few years: a pilgrimage inside the America most of us never get to see. He chose, wisely, it would seem, a common carrier as his mode of transportation about the American scene: the bus. From Washington, D. C., he set forth, and for months he rode the bus lines, stopping at "points of interest," historic Richmond-in-Virginia (as Mr. Cabell chose to call it), Marked Tree, Ark., where organizers for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union encountered our peculiarly American brand of fascism, the Southwest, the West, the Northwest, the automobile factories in Michigan, the steel works in Ohio, the coal mines in Pennsylvania. Everywhere he went, he stopped off, and talked to people and

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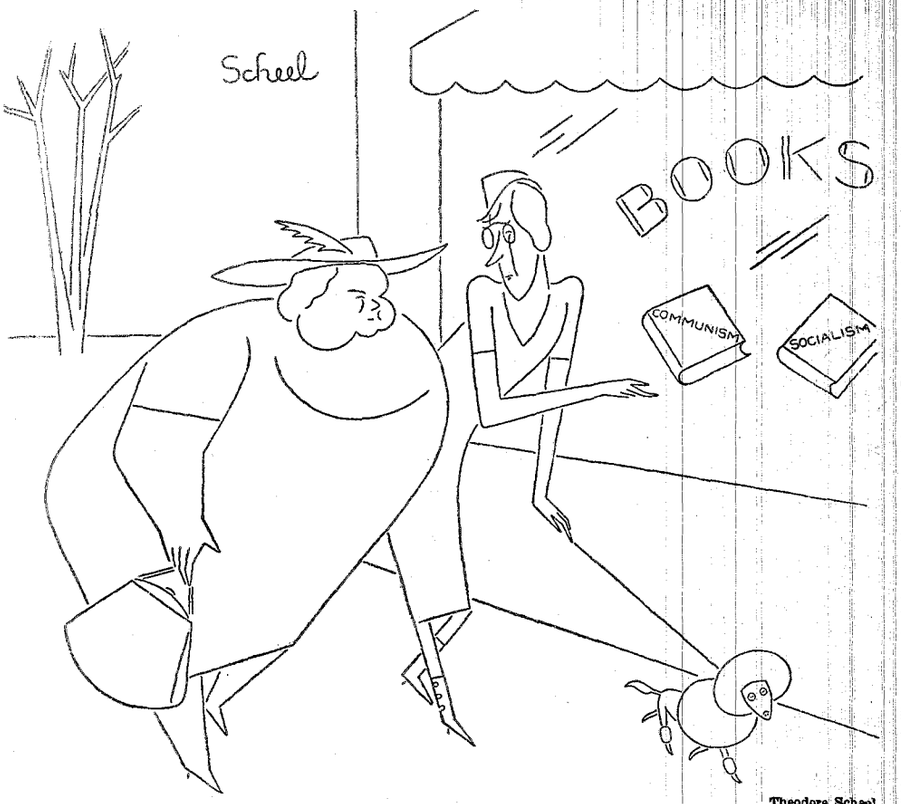
asked them questions; in some cases he lived for a short time "with the people," trying to get under their skins, trying to find out what was "hurting" them, trying to find out what they were thinking about.

He never learned, for as he expresses it: "I had thought I could enter the homes and ask people questions and have them tell me. And I found that I couldn't. There was no one I could ask. There were no questions I could ask." But if the images that make up the kaleidoscopic pattern of America refused to rearrange themselves into a logical pattern for Mr. Asch, as they will refuse to arrange themselves for many people, he did learn a good deal about this country; he did get an opportunity to see what was going on; he did notice a multiplicity of phenomena that, he seems to imply, must have originated in a common source. He seems reluctant to name that origin, possibly feeling that to name it would be to open himself to the charge of being doctrinaire or of writing propaganda.

But he has written an excellent piece of propaganda in *The Road*. The reader who has never been fired upon for riding with union organizers in Arkansas; the reader who has never visited the "homes" of the sharecroppers and looked in dismay at the unfurnished rooms and the leaking roofs; the reader who has never been taken on a carefully conducted tour of the Ford assembly lines; the reader who has never frequented the cheap dance halls in Hamtramck, where the unemployed hang out in the hope of some entertainment to pass their time away, will draw a conclusion from Mr. Asch's well-documented and highly personalized history of an American tour. And the conclusion the reader draws will not be doctrinaire; it will be inevitable.

For commendable as Mr. Asch's purposes in writing this book may have been, and accurate as his observations may be, his purpose and his observation would have taken on real impact if he had tried to feel a little less and think a little more, and then say what he had thought. The reader of this book will be continually harassed by a feeling of softness in the writer—there is no other word for it—a softness that skirts the edges of sentimentalism. He will continually want the writer to speak out in unequivocal terms and drop his carefully assumed mantle of objectivity. For it is not enough to say, merely by implication, "This is rotten." The time has come for us to say forthright: "This is rotten and we will change it!" ALVAH C. BESSIE.



"No, but I do believe in spiritualism."

Marxist Critical Method

BALZAC, A MARXIST ANALYSIS, *by V. Grib. Critics' Group Series,* No. 5, 35c.

V. GRIB'S *Balzac* contains an illuminating picture of class developments in France during Balzac's lifetime, and is itself a thorough, if somewhat unimaginative, expansion of Engels's enthusiastic tribute to the great French novelist. Unfortunately this edition, for which Angel Flores has provided a helpful preface and bibliography, says nothing about V. Grib himself except to quote from Mirsky: "From the point of view of method Grib is the soundest critic we have." If this is true, it is doubly important to know something about Grib, when his essay was written, whom it was directed against, and so on. For it is obviously a polemic. Flores recommends it to American left critics as showing the breadth and depth of Marxian criticism and searchlighting the "pitfalls and meagerness of vulgar sociologism" into which they so often tumble.

Grib attacks Marxists who judge an author solely by his own explicit statements on political questions, or by the class to which he gives allegiance or for which he expresses sympathy in his writing. This does not explain, Grib insists, why an author is great and how he is to be distinguished from others of the same social position and views. It comes as something of a shock to find this question still being seriously agitated. Furthermore, Grib's own treatment of Balzac shows that, although he is a dialectical and not a "vulgar" sociologist, he is still completely a sociologist, and not a literary man. For him Balzac—and presumably any author—is great because he is a superior journalist, because he provides material "which can be used in the struggle against capitalist society."

Of course this kind of discussion is much more satisfactory with Balzac than it would be, say, with any of the great American writers of 1850. Balzac did set out to write a realistic social history of overwhelming scope. And what Grib proves very successfully is that his monarchism and Romanism, his nostalgia for a feudal past, however much they seem to conflict with the picture he is painting, really help to make his work possible. At the time Balzac was maturing intellectually, industrialism had not developed enough so that a proletarian movement could overthrow the bourgeoisie and establish Marxian socialism. The intellectuals had either to ally themselves with the progressive bourgeoisie, or with one of the reactionary or utopian movements. Only from these off-shoots could a writer view with some objectivity the evils of the time, the contradictions which the bourgeois apologists glossed over.

This is a sound and valuable perception, and Grib works it out very fully in his references to Balzac's life and multitudinous works. But he ignores another dialectic, the relation between the external situation and the imaginative and technical development of the author as creator. That is what determines a writer's greatness, not the material he provides for later historians and political analysts. For the complete critic the social and creative are woven in inseparable strands. Even in a critic as seemingly remote as Henry James we find full recognition of the elements in Balzac that Grib emphasizes, the "imported fantastic" of his Catholic monarchism and the part it plays, the money question as the nexus of the novel in place of love, the imaginative understanding of the socially evolved type and character. But we also find in James an appreciation of Balzac as a novelist among novelists, as one of the developers of a particular literary form, as a man of great creative imagination, which is completely lacking in Grib. One feels that it is not that he sympathizes or does not sympathize with the kind of per-

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ceptions by which James establishes Balzac's genius, but that he is, in his rather Ph.D.-ish approach, quite unaware of them.

OBED BROOKS.

Far East

JAPAN'S FEET OF CLAY, *by Freda Utley. W. W. Norton.* $3.75.
KEY ECONOMIC AREAS IN CHINESE HISTORY, *by Ch'ao-Ting Chi. Peter Smith.* $3.

MOST of us have learned to expect little more from a good book than a few fresh insights, some new information, and a restatement of familiar ideas. If we get that much we are content. The books that give us more are, unfortunately, few and far between. When we do come across one, it is occasion for real rejoicing. It gives me great pleasure, therefore, to call to your attention two such books. In both Miss Utley's *Japan's Feet of Clay* and Dr. Chi's *Key Economic Areas in Chinese History,* you will find not few but many fresh insights, not some but much new information, and not at all a restatement of familiar ideas, but rather a presentation of brand-new concepts.

The opening sentence in Miss Utley's book reads: "Japan is putting up a big bluff to the world." The rest of the volume is devoted to proving it. Seldom, if ever before, has anybody's bluff been called so convincingly. Miss Utley is the peerless debunker. When she has finished her presentation, all that is diseased and rotten in Japan's economic, social, and political structure has been exposed. What appears to the naked eye as an invincible giant is seen, in her powerful study, to be a vulnerable dwarf.

> Although armies still march on their stomachs, food is not all, and Japan has neither the bread and butter of industry, coal, iron, and oil, nor abundant food supplies, nor other raw materials. Nor has she substantial foreign investments to finance her purchases of these abroad. Her industrial organization is weak, since heavy industry as a whole, and engineering in particular, are undeveloped, and since a very large proportion of her production of all goods comes from the workshops of artisans and from domestic industry where little machinery is used, and the waste of man power is great.
>
> Japan is even more vulnerable in the matter of agriculture since her primitive technique means shortage either of food or of man power in war time.
>
> At the same time the condition both of her peasantry and of her workers and lower middle classes . . . makes Japan a country seething with unrest and rebellion, and the breaking point may come at any moment.

Long before you have turned the last page, you will have been convinced of the author's case. Miss Utley has read widely—her telling quotations from the Japanese press are reminiscent of the method of R. Palme Dutt; she is a scholar—her argument is thoroughly documented and based on solid research; she is a first-rate writer—her book is never dull.

Dr. Chi's small volume is an admirable aid o the understanding of Chinese economic hisory. Beginning with the concept of a "key conomic area" as a region "where agricul-

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tural productivity and facilities of transport would make possible the supply of a grain tribute so predominantly superior to that of other areas that any group which controlled this area had the key to the conquest and unity of all China," Dr. Chi goes on to show how the shifting of the key economic area was brought about. Students will be grateful for his study, which in true Marxist fashion provides a way of understanding what must otherwise be an endless tangled account of the alternate occurrence of unity and division in Chinese history. The frequent use of engrossing, often beautiful, quotations from old Chinese records makes Dr. Chi's account as charming as it is informative. The book contains an extremely useful annotated bibliography.

LEO HUBERMAN.

Painters Against the World

DEAR THEO, *The Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh, edited by Irving Stone. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.*

MY FATHER, PAUL GAUGUIN, *by Pola Gauguin. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.*

BY 1880, impressionism, which in the sixties had been greeted by so much horrified comment and ridicule, was the accepted art of a bourgeois culture. But the critics and the public were not ready, as usual, to go a step further and accept the ideas of Van Gogh and Gauguin. These two men were no longer interested in bourgeois values and the conventions of a now almost academic impressionistic school. In their lives we read of their struggles within a hostile society and of the contrasting avenues which each took to escape from a society he was unable to change or propitiate. Each found his solution in contact with the common working people and with nature. Van Gogh, in particular, tells us again and again, "I feel that my work lies in the heart of the people," "This humanity is the salt of life; without it I do not care to live," and, speaking of his work, "No result could please me better than that the ordinary working people should hang such prints in their room or workshop;" and again, "I call myself a peasant-painter . . . I feel at home in the country, and it has not been in vain that I spent so many evenings with the miners and peat-diggers and weavers and peasants. . . . By witnessing peasant life continually at all hours of the day, I have become so absorbed in it that I hardly ever think of anything else. In fact, I have no other wish than to live deep, deep in the heart of the country, and to paint rural life."

To Van Gogh this life among the people was a satisfactory solution. But the problem of earning money in a hostile world, of existing, even on a miserably low scale, continually tortured him. In reply to an uncle who rebuked him for his lack of financial stability, he cries out: "Earn bread, or deserve bread—not to deserve one's bread, that is to say, to be unworthy of it, that certainly is a crime, for every honest man is worthy of his bread, but unluckily not being able to earn it, though

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deserving it, that is a misfortune." It was a misfortune so deep and vital to Vincent that it was undoubtedly an important contributing factor in producing insanity in a mind already tortured and electric with creative ideas—insanity which shortly led to suicide.

Vincent's brother was the link between two worlds which made life possible for the artist. In his nightly letters to Theo he could talk to the one human being who understood and cared for both his mental and physical needs. He could pour forth the warmth of his feeling for humanity, a humanity not ready to accept and understand him, and could forget the inhospitality of his own class.

These beautifully written letters tell, in an intimate personal manner, the struggle of a simple, humble, humane person to exist, to feel and to create. The editing is unfortunate in that it has almost entirely eliminated dates, thus giving a jerky, unbalanced sense of time. But Mr. Stone has done the reading public a great service in cutting these letters down to an inexpensive one-volume edition.

In contrast to *Dear Theo, My Father Paul Gauguin* is a sadly academic, uninspired job, and largely a rehash of well-known material. Pola was seven when he saw his father for the last time, so his personal family reminiscences are limited almost entirely to letters between Paul and Mette Gad, his Danish wife. And these are exactly the type of letter one would expect of a man who has left his wife for his art, and of a wife who could not understand why a prosperous bank clerk should want to become an artist. Furthermore, there is no attempt to analyze the character of the artist by this son who was continually being told, "Why, you're just like your father."

Unlike Van Gogh, Gauguin had no confidant. He had chosen his wife not as an understanding companion, but as a mother for his children and as a healthy, buxom figure who appealed to his eye. He was unlike Van Gogh also in that he was unable to cut himself so completely away from the existing society. He had spent a good thirty years in respectability and, even after his escape to Tahiti, he continually longed for his friends at home, his family, and the approval of the contemporary world. The primitive Maori people did satisfy his love of the unconventional simple life, his need for affection and understanding, and his search for new plastic forms and colors. But Gauguin was more intellectually inquiring than Van Gogh and yet less able to supply his own mental needs. Gauguin says, "I consider that every man has a right to live and to live well in the community in proportion to his output of work. The artist cannot live.

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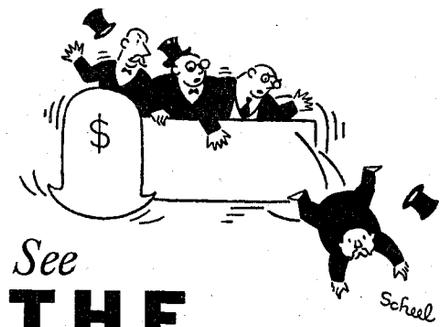

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Therefore society is criminal and badly organized." He clearly realized his dilemma but, unlike Van Gogh, was unable to attain even a temporary solution. His escape to the primitive was a defeat, and one feels in his later painting that he had come to the end of a blind way. Van Gogh's latest works were the beginning of a new and ever-developing creative force, which only society and his own heredity could defeat.

NANCY MACDONALD.

Brief Reviews

MOSCOW IN THE MAKING, *by Sir A. D. Simon, Lady Simon, W. A. Robson, and J. Jewkes. Longmans, Green and Co.*, $2.50.

The four authors of this book spent only four weeks in Moscow, do not know the Russian language, and apologize in the preface for their inconsistencies and inaccuracies, which are numerous. They did, however, manage to amass a great amount of information which will be of value to the discriminating reader. The first chapter, by Robson, giving a general view of the Moscow city government, is the most rewarding. Mr. Robson has a real grasp of the essential democracy of the Soviet system, and of the enormous advantages of the absence of conflicting class interests in administering a city's affairs and planning its future. While he deplores what seem to him certain repressive aspects, he considers them incidental and temporary. The chapter on industry and finance by Jewkes is confused and misleading. Mr. Jewkes does not understand the functioning or know the facts about the system he attempts to describe. Lady Simon cites some interesting data on the quantitative aspects of Soviet education, but completely fails to grasp its more fundamental attributes. Sir E. D. Simon, too, is rather mixed. While constantly under compulsion to admit advantages in the Soviet system, he keeps on making rather unconvincing statements to the effect that after all we do it better in good old England. He is disturbed about the housing situation, but acknowledges that in the Soviet Union everything points toward the fulfillment of plans for improvemnt while in England everything is blocked by the existence of private property, conflicting class interests, and overlapping authority. He quotes some silly, unsupported gossip about repressive measures, and concludes with the following statement:

"What will the Mossoviet achieve? I believe that they have the best constitution yet devised for effective city integrity, enthusiasm, and ability, that the advantages of socialism and of the open party system for town planning purposes are of the utmost importance. If there should be no great war, if the population of Moscow does not exceed five million, if the government maintains its present integrity and strength of purpose, I believe that at the end of the ten year plan Moscow will be well on the way to being, as regards health, convenience, and amenities of life for the whole body of citizens, the best planned great city the world has ever known."

What more could anyone ask?

I SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN RUSSIA, *by Sir Walter Citrine. E. P. Dutton Co.*, $3.

The leader of the British Trades Union Congress writes of his brief tour of the Soviet Union in the fall of 1935 as of a slumming expedition. The book abounds in such expressions as "rather cheap and nasty," "shockingly dressed," "horrid odor." Whatever does not conform to the good old British standards of housing, dress, behavior, or whatnot is chalked up as a failure of the Soviet regime. Sir Walter spends pages and pages on meaningless computations about the real value of the ruble and of wages. These figures convey little and are all out of date anyway. He takes careful note of peeling plaster, shoddy woodwork, rough edges. Is it by

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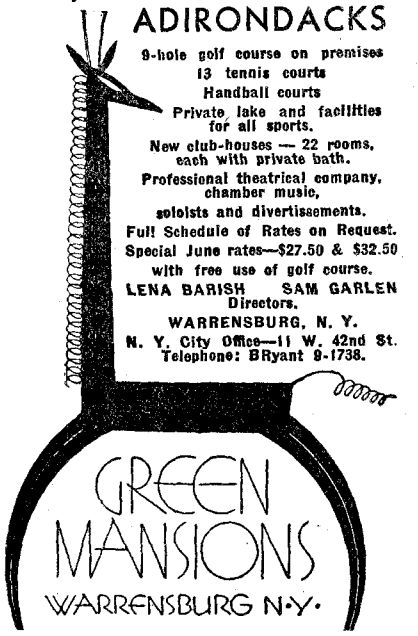

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accident that the "objective" Sir Walter records almost exclusively what strikes him as unpleasant and ignores the magnificent achievements that so impressed his distinguished compatriots, Sidney and Beatrice Webb?

Sir Walter seems to meet a great many happy people. How, he asks, in the midst of such wretched conditions can they be happy? If you will look as carefully through Sir Walter's book as he looked for peeling plaster, you will find here and there phrases such as these: "All the new factories are spacious and well laid out"—"production is for use and not for profit"—"in its attempt to care for the cultural needs of the people the U.S.S.R. is already ahead of other countries"—"wages are rising"—"material conditions are improving"—"*unemployment is permanently abolished.*" Does that answer your question, Sir Walter?

WASHINGTON: CITY AND CAPITAL, *by The Federal Writers' Project. Government Printing Office.* $3.

The most beautiful city in America and the dreariest; the most prosperous and the most wretched. It has the largest number of automobiles per capita of any city in the United States; it also has the second highest death rate from tuberculosis, the "poor man's plague." Architecturally it is the show-window of the nation, yet it is the only large city in the country that still houses its impoverished and unemployed in "jungles" reminiscent of the Hoover era.

That, in part, is the picture of Washington as revealed in this latest and, to date, most ambitious publication of the W.P.A. Federal Writers' Project. If the succeeding volumes of the project's American Guide Series are as honest and stimulating as this one, W.P.A. is going to be confronted with a creative achievement rivaling the Federal Theater's Living Newspaper in scope and originality. If only half of the projected forty-eight state guides measure up to this man-size work on the national capital, they still will represent the successful termination of the biggest job of reporting the American scene ever attempted. A. C.

MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT, *by J. B. Priestley. Harper & Bros.* $3.

Mr. Priestley does get around a bit: Hollywood, New York, Arizona, Kansas, to say nothing of the fourth dimension, which envelops him in his concluding chapters. *Midnight on the Desert* is intended as a sociological travel book. No matter that it winds up by exploring eternity, for that is all a part of Mr. Priestley's grand tour of what his publishers describe, modestly, as "all the major matters of this life and perhaps the next." N. M.

★

Recently Recommended Books

Middletown in Transition: A Study in Cultural Conflicts, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

The Soviets, by Albert Rhys Williams. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

The Court Disposes, by Isidor Feinstein. Covici, Friede. $1.

Three Ways of Modern Man, by Harry Slochower. With an introduction by Kenneth Burke. International. Regular, $2; popular, $1.50.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Catherine Gilberston. Appleton-Century. $3.50.

The Fall of the City, by Archibald MacLeish. Farrar & Rinehart. 50c.

False Security, by Bernard J. Reis. Equinox. $2.75.

Towards the Christian Revolution, edited by R. B. Y. Scott and Gregory Vlastos. Willett, Clark. $2.

Noon Wine, by Katherine Anne Porter. Schuman's. $5.

Living China: Modern Chinese Short Stories. piled and edited by Edgar Snow. Re... Hitchcock. $2.50.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Spanish war in Hollywood films—The aesthetics of Spanish war posters—The art of Trudi Schoop

THE first of a series of Hollywood films dealing with the Spanish civil war has arrived under the title, *The Last Train From Madrid* (Paramount). Advance publicity on the film informed us that: "With besieging forces in its very outskirts, Madrid, capital of democratic Spain, fights desperately to repeal the invasion." At least, one hoped, the producers recognized that the Madrid government represents democratic Spain; at least this film won't be a second *Siege of the Alcazar*. It is the next worse thing: it is neutral ("we don't take sides with either faction"). The story is impossible, the writing moronic, the production vulgar, and the acting tasteless. I'll try to give you an idea. The military command releases all prisoners, except politicals, in order that they may fight in the army. The hero of the film, one of the released prisoners, is, however, a *political* prisoner. Another member of the loyalist army is a deserter. He claims he is too young to die. He is anxious to get back to his little farm near Burgos, the fascist capital, northwest of Madrid. He makes a "heroic" effort to get there by taking the train for Valencia, southeast of Madrid. Another leading character, a member of the loyalist women's brigade deserts her comrades to visit her father whom the loyalists are about to execute for political reasons. There are several other plots and counter-plots, (there is even an American newspaper man who falls in love with the young lady whose father was executed) all concerned with countless people who are anxious to get on this last train for Valencia. Why deserters, rebels, fascists, and others of their ilk will be happier in Valencia is left to your imagination. The point is, that the true lovers get on the train, and the prostitute (yes, there is one) is killed off for the benefit of the Legion of Decency. However, in spite of all this obvious vulgarity, there is a subtle glorification of the fascists. This is accomplished by making the loyalist commander a louse and a boob, glorifying the deserters and reactionaries and representing the political prisoners (those who were executed by the loyalists, of course) as nice, gentle, and cultured old men. But if you insist on being insulted, you'll go to see the film.

Woman Chases Man (United Artists): Samuel Goldwyn's much ballyhooed "new kind of comedy." So much effort has been exerted to avoid the usual comedy clichés that they are finally the same old clichés in reverse. The attempt to be whimsical makes the acting, writing and direction very labored indeed. There are funny lines and cute "businesses"; and you'll laugh mechanically. You will have forgotten the film at least a half hour before it ends.

Kid Galahad (Warner Bros.): Edward G. Robinson as a tough promoter with a heart of gold fights it out with Humphrey Bogart, the other promoter, a real rat. Wayne Morris, a newcomer to films, plays the role of Kid Galahad, the heavyweight wonder, who longs to get back to the farm. The melodrama is usual stuff. But the film has the good old American cinematic touch: speed and dynamic action. I can't judge the authenticity of the fighting sequences, but they certainly are violent and exciting enough.

I Met Him in Paris (Paramount): This company is an old hand at this type of romantic-sophisticated comedy that is also a fashion plate. It is, in its way, pleasant and sometimes witty. In spite of Claudette Colbert, that's all.

They Gave Him a Gun (M.G.M.): A picture that started out with a good idea and a potential, powerful anti-war sermon. Franchot Tone was a mild-mannered guy until the draft board put a gun into his hand. The brutality of the war changes his entire personality to such an extent that he becomes a gangster-killer when it is all over. But too much packing of plot and the phoney conceptions of Director Van Dyke demoralize the film. Spencer Tracy is, as usual, very good and special mention must go to Slavoko Vorkapitch for his swell opening sequence.

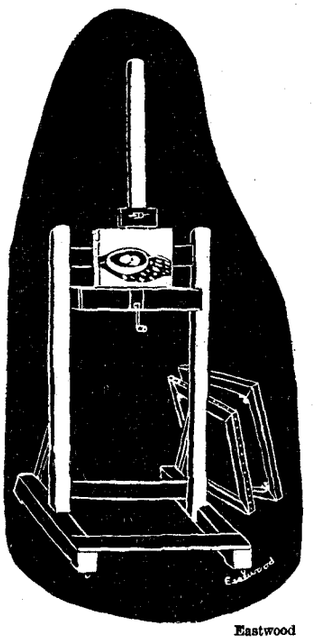
There Goes My Girl (R.K.O.-Radio): The usual screwy newspaper yarn about a pair of lovers who are also rival reporters. There are laughs—that's all you can ask.

There are two films I'd like to discuss at length and will do so very soon: *Captains Courageous* (M.G.M.) and *Make Way for Tomorrow* (Paramount). Both are very much worth going out of your way to see.

PETER ELLIS.

THE FINE ARTS

THE exhibition of Spanish war posters at the Delphic Studios in New York offers us a unique opportunity to gauge the fighting spirit of Spain in the struggle against international fascism. More accurately even than word descriptions or photography, it registers the full impact of that struggle and the heroic resistance of the Spanish people. Of late, films and photographs as well as correspondents' cables have emphasized the terrors of air bombardment, the death of innocent children struck down at play, the endless queues of people waiting for food, the trickling streams of refugees fleeing with all their meager possessions. Too much of this may leave the impression of a hopeless struggle waged by a brave people against overwhelming odds. But this collection of posters painted by Spanish artists for such organizations as the Defense Junta of Madrid, the United Socialist Youth, the General Workers' Union, the International Labor Defense, and the government itself reveals the courage and will of a people steeled in the fight for freedom, their efficient and practical approach to the struggle. These invigorating and vigilant slogans addressed not only to the army but to civilians, who have become victims and combatants in the vicious onslaughts of fascism, are a new kind of poetry of action.



Eastwood

Pictorially the posters carry the same message. They make no promises and they offer no consolation. They depict the iron boot of fascism crammed with Italian soldiers over the map of Spain. They give us death as the haughty German general with the order of the swastika on his breast, his scarlet-lined cape held by a miniature general, a capitalist and a priest.

The most advanced and intelligent artists of Spain have placed their services on the side of democracy. Here modern art functions efficiently and carries a message more adequately than the old-fashioned type of illustration. One has but to remember the American posters of the World War with Howard Chandler Christy's pretty girls waving the stars and stripes to realize how the poster has advanced technically. It is the modern artist who has made that advance possible.

Few of these Spanish posters could have been thought of without the long experiments of the modern artists. Cubism has contributed to their dynamic design, the Fauves and Expressionists to their subtle and bold color. The framework which upholds their message is based on the formal discoveries of such men as Picasso and Braque. Incidentally they also demonstrate the power of modern photography not merely to repeat nature but to embody symbols, as witness the marvelous poster from Catalonia of a woman's foot on a broken swastika. Just as the Spanish army seeks the

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most modern war weapons to gain its victory, so the Spanish loyalist artist employs the modern technique of art to win adherents.

In addition to these posters, a group composed primarily of American artists has contributed an exhibition of paintings dealing with the Spanish struggle. Included are Russell Limbach, Georges Schreiber, Philip Reisman, Anton Refregier, Abraham Tobias, Louis Schanker, Moses Soyer, and others. Esteban Vicente, Camilo Egas and Luis Arenal are Spanish speaking artists who have contributed canvases. Among the black and whites which, more than the oils, have caught the terror and desolation of destroyed villages and homeless families, are included a series of Orozco's scenes from Mexico's civil war. Maurice Becker and William Sanderson are represented by bold cartoons. The lithographs of Gropper, Evergood, Olds, Gottlieb, and Sternberg record scenes of warfare with dramatic intensity. In particular the lithograph of Elizabeth Olds translates the tragedy of the Trojan women into modern terms.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

THE DANCE

I WOULD like to hark back to one dancer whom I didn't spend much space on when she appeared: Trudi Schoop.

Trudi Schoop's ballet is more akin to the Jooss school of dancing than to either of the traditional ballet troupes. As a matter of fact, much of her movement is reminiscent of the Jooss choreography, especially in such of his compositions as *The Big City* and *The Green Table.* Trudi Schoop, who hails, incidentally, from Switzerland, introduces considerably more mime and often enough, effectively, some voice pattern; and generally where Jooss is principally concerned with themes of profounder *motif,* Trudi Schoop is inclined to cartoons and the comic. Very often her work approaches the qualities of naive burlesque.

Blonde Marie is a two-act "dance comedy," the cinematically inspired dreams of a maid who tabloids herself into the "white lights" of the local theater (*Staatsoper*), into the clandestine and romantic love (for the "artist"), and finally into murder. The plot of the comedy is loose and elastic; it serves as a framework for a series of satiric sketches, essentially petty-bourgeois, and is important only in the final analysis of the work.

Subjects for the wit of the dancer are such petty-bourgeois functions as the ceremonial of the drinking of tea, the lady's hairdressing ritual, the flag-waving (George M. Cohan) musical comedy, and the traditional philistinisms of the art gallery. However, it is about Blonde Marie, the housemaid, and an awkward one at that, that the whole of the satire revolves; and from certain angles the entire ballet assumes the aspect of a satire not on various petty-bourgeois themes, but on the wish-dreaming of the "clumsy" se[illegible] Considering that the comedy ends with [illegible] Marie's waking from her dream, the [illegible] of the work is suddenly snatched fro[illegible] level of reality to the make-believe worl[illegible]

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whatever vitality the satire might have possessed is dropped like a ton of bricks. As for the tea drinking, the music-hall prima donnas, the flag-waving, etc., it was all in fun. It's Marie who wakes, rubs her eyes, and thanks God that she's still a "good servant girl"—and the laugh's on her. What is evidently satirized are not the traditions but the servant-girl concept of those traditions, a comedy of errors after the manner of Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—and from such an analysis, the work takes on a datedness, if not an unpleasant coloring. That such is the case, however, is due apparently much to loose construction, for even at her most satirical moments, Trudi Schoop is given to the kittenish antics of what she would describe as the animated cartoon—and the audience has a good time, until the last curtain, at the expense of petty-bourgeois foibles and not Blonde Marie.

Concluding, it would appear that the principal common criticism of the four ballet troupes seen this season is that their chief weakness, structurally and ideologically, lies in their choice of subject-matter and this is so. It is worth repeating (whoever it was that said it): choosing, too, is creating.

OWEN BURKE.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

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"Red-Head Baker." Reform-school play by Albert Maltz, Sun., June 20, 7 p.m., C.B.S.

"Minorities in a Democracy." Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, director of National Conference of Jews and Christians; Mgr. John A. Ryan and Rabbi Louis L. Mann, Mon., June 21, 4:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Gov. Frank Murphy. Labor trends and industrial problems, Wed., June 23, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

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Babes in Arms (Schubert, N. Y.). Pleasant and talented cast of youngsters in an amusing, tuneful Rodgers and Hart musical.

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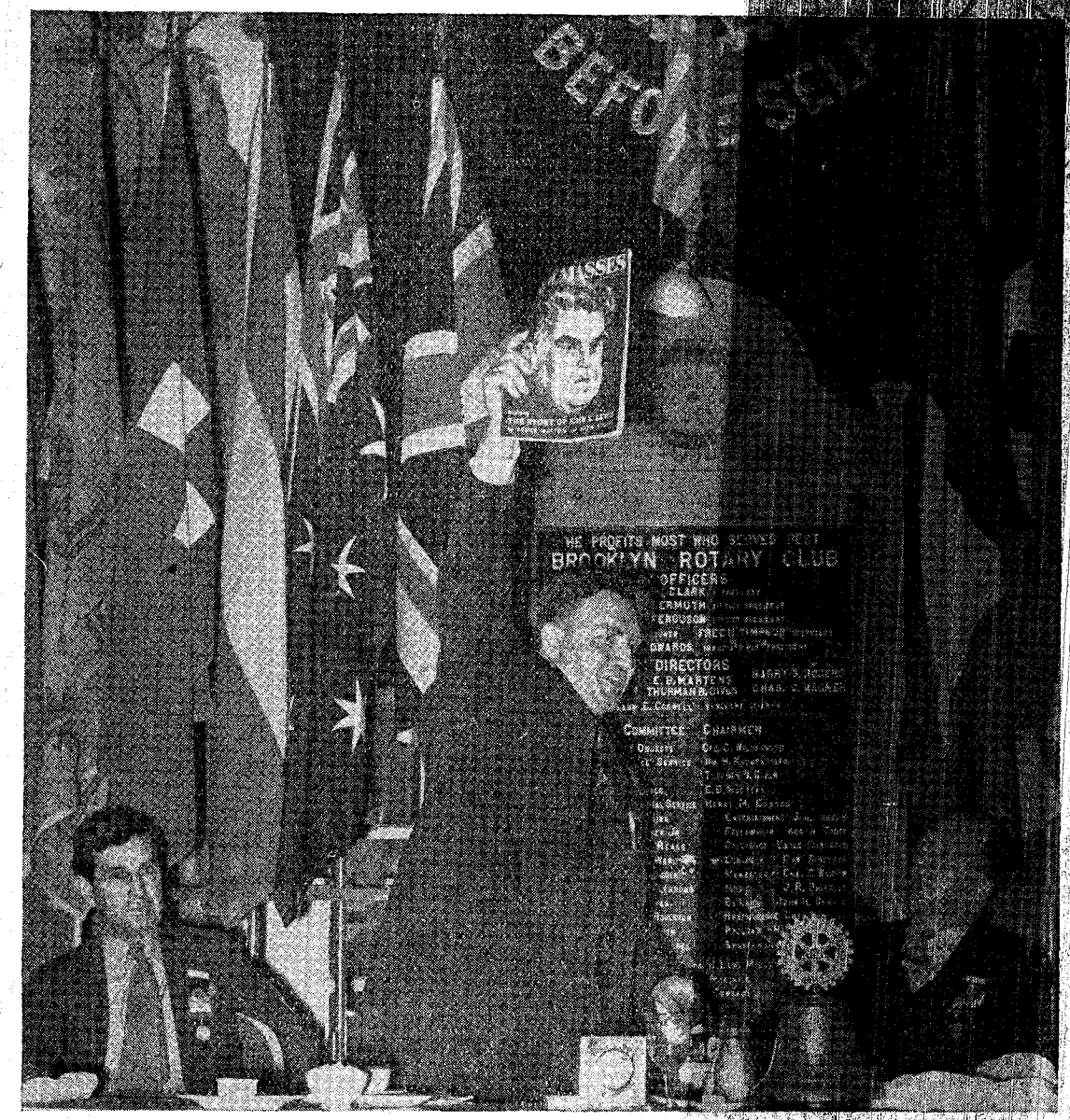

Photo by Roy Pinney

"Look at This!"

WITHIN the last week, one picture, one newspaper clipping, and one letter came into our office.

1. *The picture*—stares at you above. The man brandishing the NEW MASSES is the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith. He is flanked by two officers of the Brooklyn Rotary Club. Before him, Rotarians.

Smith was chief organizer of Share-the-Wealth Clubs for Huey Long until the latter's death. Now organizing a "Committee of 1,000,000" against "communism."

2. *The Clipping*—explains the picture. A reporter of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* covered Reverend Smith's address. Smith is in the midst of a shrieking attack against John L. Lewis and the C.I.O. The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* (June 8) reports him as saying at this point.

"Look at this. The NEW MASSES calls Lewis the number one hero of the day. And we read that he is conferring with Miss Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, on the strike situation. What kind of business is that?"

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3. *The Letter*—from Arthur Garfield Hays, chief counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union. Unsolicited. Addressed to Joseph Freeman, editor of the NEW MASSES.

"My dear Mr. Freeman:

"You have no doubt by this time received a copy of the English report on civil rights in Puerto Rico. When I realized the report in the NEW MASSES had been translated from my original draft in English into Spanish, and then re-translated from Spanish into English, I was astounded to find how little it differed from my original. This was a good, quick, piece of reporting work. Even the daily newspapers waited until they got the original English draft before they made use of it."

Conclusion—that's why the NEW MASSES was born. To support progressive labor under the C.I.O. To wage such vigorous war against fascism that its head men like Gerald Smith howl with rage. To be a jump ahead on just such issues as the responsibility for the massacre of Puerto Ricans in Ponce last Palm Sunday.

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